THE TRIAL
OR THE
DOCTRINE
OF THE
Three Sacred Persons,
FATHER, SON, & SPIRIT.
Principal Graces,
FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE.
Main Duties,
PRAYER, HEARING, and MEDITATION.

Summarily digested for the pleasure and profit of the Pious and Ingenuous READER.

By *Faithful Teate*, Preacher of the Word at *Sudbury* in *Suffolk*.

TRIA SUNT OMNIA.

The Second Edition.

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FIDELIS TATUS,

[ANAGRAM]

TELIS FIDATUS,

STATU FIDELIS.

JEHOVA's Golden Shaft and
Blazing Sword,
FIDELIS had in Truſt (I
mean his Word)

GODS Armour-bearer was
FIDELIS TATUS,
Who was *FIDELIS* alwayes
in that *STATUS*.

THE

6/-

FIDELIS TAMEN

TO THE
WITS
Of this AGE, pretended or Real.

YOU Candidates for Fame, who ne're could gain
The Name of WITS, till you darst be profane;
Nor get the knack on't, till the Witty Devil
Gave you a smartness on a Theme was evil,
Who by elated strains, taught you to raise
Some piece of clay, 'bove him who's above praise,
And having lost the God-head in it's place,
By flattering lines to set some painted face:
Or with ingenious tartness to deride
The Scripture stile, and all that's good beside.
Let fall your wanton pens, and blush to see
Your selv's out-done by Sacred Poetry.
Let all wise-hearted savo'ring things Divine,
Come suck this TREAT that yields both Milk and Wine,
Loe depths where Elephants may swim, yet here
The weakest Lamb of Christ wades without fear.
And you great Souls who bathe in Contemplation
Come, here's a prize, Wits worthy Recreation;
Myst'ries as sweet as deep, Pray read and try,
You'l be immerst in pleasure by and by.

If words or things will please, here they accord,
Each other their benign aspects afford;
Words fit for Matter, matter fit for Men,
Baxter or Boyle may read and read again;
Who weighs the things, will say, TEAT *did inherit*
The subject of his lines, the Holy Spirit;
He that the Dress, (I mean) his Verse perusest,
Will say, that Teat's Thrice Three surely were Muses,
So full of Wit and Grace, 'tis hard to say,
Whether the Head or Heart hath got the day;
A Heart so headed, and a Head so hearted,
(Blest Concord) pitty they should e're be parted.
I'le wish that TEAT'S *and* HERBERTS *may inspire*
Randals and Davenants with Poetick fire;
May th' Wits be Wise, and Faithful, Teat like thee,
To Consecrate their Pens to thy Thrice Three.

Jo. Chishull.

THE

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

OFt have I seen Luxuriant Vitious Wit
A wanton Rape on a fair Muse commit,

At once distaining by leud Poetrie,
The Writers Paper sheets, and Readers Eye.

And may not I oblige the thrice three Muses
Chastly to serve so Sacred thrice three Uses?

Is the grave Body of Divinity
Less Currant for the feet of Poetry?

Are Truths, for being short and sweet, less sound?
Or streams, for running smoothly, less profound?

David, a Prophet, yet in Verse excells;
'Twas *Eccleſiaſtes* made the Canticles.

To

To the Pious and Ingenious Author of this Tripartite Poem.

BEfore your *Triple Poems* I admit,
These *Votes* made up of *Threes*, may well be writ.

May *Understanding*, *Will*, and *Memory*
Know, *Love*, and *hold* thy Sacred Poetry.

May *Heav'n* be th' *fuller*, *Earth* the *better*, *Hell*
The *thinner*, by the Truths you write so well.

May *pride of Life*, the *Lusts* of *Flesh* and *Eye*,
Be poyson'd by these leaves of thine, and die.

If any *other* three, I'de wish were down,
'Tis *Austria*, *Spain*, the *Pope with's triple Crown*.

This *latter Vote* if th' *King* of *Kings* would make
An Act, I'de willingly the *Earth forsake*.

W. Jenkyn.

Ter

Ter Tria.

FATHER.

THou that *begin'ſt* All things begin my verſe;
My words are wind;
Thy words are works;
Thou'lt lightneſs find
Where darkneſs lurks:
My Pen and Ink may me not Thee rehearſe.

My Pen is but a feather'd vanity,
Like me that write;
Yet ſhall this feather,
If thou'lt indite,
Help me fly thither
Where Angels wings make Pens beyond the ſky.

Father, mine *Ink's* dark hue preſents mine heart,
Ink's not more dark,
Ink's not more black;
One beam, one ſparke
Supply this lack.
Father of Lights, now ſhew thy perfect Art.

Lord teach me ſpeak, and I'll not hold my peace
Which if I ſhould,
The ſtones would come;
Though deaf, yet would
They not be dumb;
Break into praiſes, ſtonie heart, for theſe.

No man hath seen thee, Father, but He who
Did sometime come
(Thy Son it was)
Thy bosome from,
Thy Looking glass,
Hee's the wise Child that doth his Father know.

Who else sing thee, sings what he hath not seen:
My Verse hath feet,
And fain would run
Thy praise to meet;
But, lest the Sun
Should hurt weak sight, the Clouds do interveen.

Then may I in thy Son thy self discover;
Sure Hee's the Mirrour
That shews thy face:
Prevent mine errour;
Christs flesh like glass
A brighter Glory, but unseen doth cover.

Since then I must be silent, or begin
To sing th' unseen;
Father of Mercies,
That set'st the screen,
Forgive my Verses;
O thou that vail'st their subject, vail their sin.

Father's a word my child learns first to mutter,
And thy child too,
Thy new born Babe
First thing't can do
Is to cry Ab;
But both come last to know what first they utter.

Thou art the Father of that Son that made
That

That wombe on earth
That, without Father,
Did give him birth;
And might the rather,
He bee'ng begot where He no Mother had.

Then shall I call thee Father? Lord, thy Son
Was call'd no less
Before his birth;
Prophets confess
He had on earth
His children, seed, and generation.

Th' Eternal Father call we thee? or rather
Thy Child, thy Son
Born to restore us,
Thine Holy One
Giv'n to us for us?
I'll call Thee th' Everlasting Father, Father.

All that's in God is God; and needs must be.
Thou mad'st mine eyes,
Could'st thou forbear
Thy self to spie?
Or so to rear
The blessed Image of thy self in Thee?

Surely thou couldst no more thy self not view;
Then, Lord, not love
Thy self when seen;
From whence thy Dove,
As hatcht between
Thy face and Looking glass, sprung forth & flew.

Then shall I not beleev Thou'rt One, yet Three,
Father, and Son,

And sacred Spirit,
That equal run,
One bliss inherit?
Lord, I'll believ Thee surely such to bee.

Yet thou'rt the Father still: Those sparkling things,
Are Sons of God:
Those winged flames
That fly abroad,
(Thou know'st their names)
Made without Bodies, made all face and wings.

Faces they have, and eyes, and tongues, withal
To see and sing:
But O their Grace!
A sixfold wing
To ev'ry face!
Wise, happy, humble, obediential.

Lend's wings, dear Dove; we lag and lose our traffick,
Poor short-leg'd Rymes,
Verses on foot
Reach Seraphims,
They cannot do't,
Lord, now if ever make my Muse seraphick.

Or if I mayn't have wings, and so keep sight
Of these bright flames,
Shades of thy glory,
Yet tell their names,
And tell's their story;
And lend's a quil, dear Dove, and I'll go write.

Write Angels, Lord, 'tis done: but who are they?
Servants, or sons?
Subjects or Kings?

Foot-

Footstools, or Thrones?
Inferiour things,
Or Principalities? What shall I say?

Sometimes I hear thee call them Elohim;
Yet they were made:
These plumed things
Are but the shade
Of thy bright wings,
Before whose Sun-Shine, all these Stars are dim.

Sometimes 't should seem that they but servants
Or Ministers (are;
To wait upon
Salvations heirs,
And guard thy Throne:
Yet these stand cover'd where thy sons stand bare.

Servants they are, and yet Dominions:
Each holds his Crown
By casting it
Most humbly down
Before thy feet.
Father, thy Throne's erected on the Thrones.

Thousands of thousands of the finite Gods
On ev'ry side,
I mean the Cherubs,
When thou dost ride,
Some serve for stirrups,
And some thou holdest in thy hands for rods.

Arch-Angels, Angels that six-winged Nation
Stand trembling, Lord,
Prest to obey
Their Makers word:

And glad they may
By all their running but maintain their ſtation,

Theſe can't forget that early Funeral;
Theſe can't forget
Thoſe morning-Stars
That roſe and ſet,
Whoſe inbred wars
Blew up themſelves. But——oh their fall!

Yet thou'rt the Father ſtill: theſe Abſoloms
Their beeings had
And beauties, Lord,
But not their trade
Nor Traitors Sword
From Thee, from whom all good, and only comes.

How came theſe then to fall? 't ſhould ſeem that (under
Their Angels wings
Each laid ſome evil
(Oh wretched things!)
And hatch't a Devil.
And ſo by ſinning ſing'd their wings. What wonder?

Thy fine white linnen, Lord, ſin burnt to tinder.
Satans thy creature,
But now doth want
Firſt form and feature,
Oh miſcreant!
Thou mad'ſt him bright, but ſin turn'd all to ſinder;
Yet thou'rt the Father ſtill: thoſe Stars in view,
Lanterns hung out
In all men ſight
Thy Court about,
Thoſe

Thoſe various lights
Father of Lights there dwelling clearly ſhew.

That golden Globe comes trundling from thine
Father, thou ſaiſt (hand:
Thou Sun of mine
Run Eaſt and Weſt,
Ceaſe not to ſhine
Rounding my Bowling-green of Sea and Land.

That burniſht ſilver Ball's hurl'd forth by Thee:
That Moon of thine
That always ranges,
Doth ſit and ſhine,
In conſtant changes,
Says plainly He that changeth not made me.

The Pleiades, cluſter of ſix, call'd ſeven;
The Signs twice ſix;
The Errant Train:
The Stars that fix:
The Northern Wain
And all the Conſtellations of the Heaven:

The great Orion with thoſe bands of his:
Stars Great and Leaſt:
The Milkie way,
With All the Reſt,
Doth plainly ſay
That He whoſe breaſts drop Lights their Father is:

Th' Arch Expanſe, whoſe props who can deſcry?
That ſurging Roof,
And Saphire-cieling
Yeelds ample proof,
To all mens feeling,

It had its rise from Thee, O thou most High!

Those stately Offices all on a row,
Standing about
Thy spangled Court,
And yet without
For greater Port;
Thee Father of Heav'ns Family do show.

There stands thy Minting-house, thy Bulloign
From 'ts place of birth; (brought
Vapours, I mean,
From drossie earth
Are there made cleane;
And, as thou pleasest cast and coyn'd & wrought.

There stands thy Treasurie; that doth contain
Gems in great store
Of orient hue;
Who can count o're
Thy Pearls of dew?
Thy golden Lightnings? or thy silver Rain?

There stands thy Wardrobe. Lord, the purple
Which thou dost use, (shrouds
And dapled skie,
Like Ermins, shews
Thy Majesty.
And when thou wilt thou wear'st the gold fring'd
(clouds.
There stands thy stable-room. Sometimes thy
To ride abroad; (mind's
That men below,
There is a God
Above may know,
Hearing the neighings of thy prancing winds.

There's

There's thy distillatorie. Thence thou dost
Heav'ns drops distill,
In such great store
Earth drinks its fill
Till't needs no more.
Then the cold ashes are cast forth in Frost.

There stands thy great Confectionary. There
Those heaps of Snow
Double-refin'd
Do clearly show,
And bring to mind
That they belong to th' Great Confectioner.

'Tis He that makes those Frost-works. He that
Moist Drops, when cast (makes
In's comfit mold,
Hail stones at last,
When they grow cold,
'Tis He that candies all the Icie flakes.

There stands thy Magazine. Thou dost erect
Thy flaming forges,
And there prepare
Thy shafts and scourges,
Weapons of War
Which, when thou wilt, thy rebel foes correct.

Storms, tempests, thunders, thunder-bolts with
Great and small shot, (these,
Brimstone and fire,
Father, what not?
If thou require,
Dart thence to chastise those that thee displease.

Whole *Egypt* from thy storm of Hailshot runs.

His

His Heathen-Head
That Royal slave.
Slunk under bed,
When th' Heavens gave
But one round volley from thy greater guns.

Thou'rt the Rains Father. Frost thou'st gendred?
What Prose or Verses
Can better shew
Thy tender Mercies
Then melting Dew?
This shews thine Heart, and hoary frost thine (Head.
Th' Ancient of Days begat me, says the Snow.
The Lord of Hosts
's my Fathers Name
The Thunder boasts,
And Lightnings flame.
I carry Fathers Colours, says the Bow.

So thou'rt the Father still: Lord, 'tis alledg'd
By th' feather'd Hosts,
That here and there
Th' Aerial Coasts
And Quarters bear,
Under thy wings they were both hatch'd and (fledg'd,
That Bird of Paradise, Lord, thou must owe it.
With chattring cryes,
Swallows and Cranes
Plead th' Only wise
Did hatch our Brains,
'And He that made our season, made us know it.

'Twas God All-seeing made my piercing Eye
Doth the Eagle say.

To

To th' God of Love
Our broods we lay,
Saith Stork and Dove:
If these be ours, sure we're thy progenie.

With early visits and salutes from Earth
Up the Lark climbs,
As if it meant,
With Seraphims
Of high descent
By vieing notes and wings, prove equal birth.

The plumed Ostriches forget their young;
But thou their Father
With careful hand
Their Eggs dost gather
Laid in the sand,
Hatching to life, and hiding them from wrong.

The goodly Peacock with his Argus-train,
His Angels plumes,
His well-set border,
Strongly presumes
To th' God of Order,
Unto whose pomp this splendour doth retain.

The tumbling Deeps where all the waters gather
Roundly declare
That Name of His
Whose Counsels are
The Great Abyss;
Seas swell too big to own a meaner Father.

Surely the Ocean's thine. Lord is it not?
Thou bid'st it boyle,
But not boyle o're.

And

And't does recoile
Within the ſhore,
L. Thou doſt both furniſh, Lord, and ſalt the Pot.

L. Thou Great-houſe keeper, muſt the Fiſh pond owe,
Whoſe banks and ſhores
Are Rocks and ſands,
Whoſe fulneſs ſtores
All Coaſts and Lands,
For thou the greateſt Family canſt ſhow.

L. Theſe Water-works are thine invention, Lord.
Is the Oceans force,
When moſt ſerene,
Charg'd by thine Horſe.
Thy winds, I mean?
? What mighty Banks and trenches, Lord, appear?

Under the covert of thoſe raging Seas
Thoſe armed Bands
(Each joynted ſcale
Like Armour ſtands,
Or Coats of Male)
L. March here and there ſecurely as they pleaſe.

L. Leviathan that moving Mount or Fort,
Who can deride
Storms battering,
Of Sons of pride
Thou call'ſt Him King:
L. There tumbles he to make his Maker ſport.

So thou'rt the Father ſtill. Ev'n Earth can cry
From Cliffs and Mountains,
Hills high and ſteep:
Springs, Mines, and Fountains
That

That run so deep,
How deep's thy wisdom, Lord? thy pow'r how (high?
Thou gav'st the Rocks their Rise. Springs sprang (from thee.
Great Architect! Earths Fabrick fair
Thou didst erect,
And hang i'th' Air
To shew its makers Independency.

Thy very foot-stool, Lord, thou dost inlay
With Mines of gold,
And silver Ore;
Who can unfold,
Or prize the store,
Wherewith thou dost enrich poor dust and clay?

This inlaid foot-stool thou hast round beset
With Vegetants.
Who can declare
Those various Plants,
Their Vertues rare,
That spring from dust of heav'nly Fathers feet?

Those short-lived Beauties that the Florists ga- (ther
Look up a while, With a fair Eye;
Give God a smile:
And though they die
Yet leave such seed as plainly shew their Father.

Thou'rt fruitful Parent of all Trees fruit-bearing.
Who doth not see
Earth doth but nurse
These Plants for thee?
Thine Heavens disburse
Continual

Continual payments for these Plants up-rearing.

Some Trees there are, though suckled with earth's sap,
Yet run upright;
As if they meant,
By their vast height,
Prove their descent,
And lay their Leavie Locks in Fathers lap.

Others there are too weak to rise alone,
Yet seem to know
Where Father dwells;
Why should they go
To Neighbours else
To borrow crutches, to run up upon?

The Herds, the Folds, the Beasts innumerable:
The multifarious
Creeping Creatures,
Whose food is various
As their features,
Cry still to God, our Father, spread our Table.

Father, to Live, thy gift alone can bee;
Earth's cold and dead,
And cannot give
To what it bred
To breathe or live,
Surely the fountain of all Life's with thee.

This spacious House thus built and furnisht so;
Come let's convey
Our Image just,
Did th' Father say,
To breathing dust;
Leaving our likeness to keep House below.

Then

Then was clay ſtamp'd, by Act of Parliament,
With God's bright face:
A Creature Crown'd
With Life and Grace:
Heav'n born, Heav'n bound,
Of upright aſpect, of Divine deſcent.

Father, thy footſteps we may find and gather
All other where,
But in this creature
Thy face ſhines clear,
Wilneſs his feature;
Who reads mans face may quickly ſpell his Father.

Said I, one may? my God, I ſhould have ſaid
One might have done:
But things fall croſs:
Fleſh turns to ſtone,
Pure Gold to droſs,
Silver degenerates to dirt and lead.

Said I, there is? I ſhould have ſaid there was:
My God! there was
Thy countenance
So in his face,
That every glance
The ſhining Sun in brightneſs did ſurpaſs.

Father, this walking, talking Plant was Hee
Whom thou didſt love
Whom thou didſt prize
All Plants above,
Thy Paradiſe
Thou ſoon didſt quit when thou hadſt loſt this Tree.
From th' ſide whereof a female plant did ſpring,

A splendid pair?
Now th' Earth begins
T' outshine the Air,
Where Heavens bright twins
(The Sun and Moon) their Light, as tribute, bring.

Woman to man's a gift of Gods own giving,
(That man alone
No more might be;
Yet as much one,
And one with thee)
A gift endorsed with Doners Name, the living.

This Royal consort to compleat mans joy
Thou God of Union
Didst well provide
For chast Communion
As his dear Bride
Whom thou hast crownd on Earth as thy Vice-(Roy.
So th' little world, with greatest work and skill,
Was fram'd at last,
And being the best
Its grace was past
To rule the rest.
Nothing's forbidden but its knowing ill.

Upon thy footstool thou hast built a Throne
For man to sit,
My God, at thine;
And at his feet
Thou didst consigne
All other things in due subjection.

Thou gav'st him life, 'twas fit should'st give him
His fear did fall (Law.

By

By thy command,
On Creatures All
In Sea and Land;
He standing only in his Fathers Awe.

His Diadem was bright intelligence,
Wisdom in full,
Whose ev'ry spark
Makes Diamonds dull,
And Gems look dark;
His Ermine Robe was purest innocence.

A Rational-Plant-Animal was he:
Could vegetate,
Could move and walk,
Could contemplate,
Discourse and talk:
Fair issue of the Blessed Trinity!

Parents own Picture! wise, just, holy Son!
Thou mad'st that star,
His heart, to be
Triangular,
Yet one with thee,
Who art the ever-blessed Three in One.

That Instruments Three Strings thou God *Trin-*
(Th' Intellect, Will, *One.*
And Memory)
Didst Wisdoms skill,
And sanctity,
And Righteousness give charge to keep in Tune.

And, Oh! What rare and ravishing content
My God did take?
Till, on a day,

A fall did crack
(Spoyling his play)
The ſtrings together with the Inſtrument.

But, oh, what tongue? what pen? what proſe? what verſe?
What teares? what cryes? (What
What melting moans?
What ſobs? what ſighs?
What piercing groanes
Can mans ſo ſuddain, ſo ſad fall reherſe?

Of late a moſt compleat and upright Piece
My God did frame
Of crooked bone:
But th' Serpent came,
When God was gone,
And wound his work to greater crookedneſs.

Wound out of Heaven, but into Paradiſe,
In a Friends guiſe,
That canker'd Devil,
By fallacies,
Drew *Eve* to evil:
And thus the mother of all living dies.

Man being thus on th' one ſide mortified,
How quickly doth
The Gangrene ſpread?
Infecting both
The heart and head.
Thus *Adam* liv'd and reign'd, rebell'd and died.
Down comes the Son by leaping Fathers hedge:
An Apple there,
As ſome do gather,
But a choak-Pear.

As

As I think rather,
Did tempt him, Oh my teeth are yet on edge!

O fruit, Death was thy fruit! thy gall, thy foot
Methinks I taſt
With all my bread:
Which makes me haſt
Unto the dead;
Thou bredſt that worm that kill'd me in my root.

Which bee'ng once wither'd, root and branch did
With ſuch a weight (fall
Made th' Earth to groan
From ſuch an height
Man fell upon
The inferiour creatures, and ſo cruſht them all.

Theſe ſubjects thus oppreſt ſoon take up Arms
'Gainſt Rebel-Man,
Heaven's Deputie,
(Who firſt began
To mutinie
Againſt his Soveraign) to revenge their Harms.

For ſin that made man Naked, Arm'd the Earth:
So poor man ſcrambles,
In ſweat and blood,
'Midſt thorns and brambles
For ſorry food,
Till's duſt turns thither whence it had its Birth.

Now the Earth, that ſometimes own'd him for its King
Makes him diſtrain
With plow or ſpade
For every grain,
Or't can't be had,

That wont, of's own Accord, its Tribute bring.

Man having broke Gods Peace, all turns to strife
'Gainst his Creator
Ev'n Dogs proclaime
Fal'n man a Traitour.
A two edg'd Flame
Cries come not Rebel, near this Tree of Life.

Besides these warrs without, that worm doth gnaw
Mans inmost soul;
A worm late breeding
O'th' fruit he stole,
Whereof man feeding
Became as broken as his Makers Law.

Yet thou'rt the Father: these mourning Verses
Do prove thee so;
Mans miseries,
The Creatures wo,
And all their cries
Plainly Proclaim thee Father of all mercies.

Thy Providence and Patience toward man
Do seem to strive,
O blessed strife——
Who shall reprieve
The Traitours life,
By lengthning out his poor contracted span.

Though man made so much hast to stir thine ire;
Yet thou art slow,
My God thou art;
I find it so;
Thou melt'st mine heart
With burning Coals, but of another fire.

Thine

Thine En'my hungers, and thou giv'ſt him food:
Thine En'my thirſts,
Thou giv'ſt him drink:
Oh! mine heart burſts.
Oh! who would think
Man were ſo bad, that ſees his God ſo good?

Father thou mak'ſt thy Sun ſtill ſhine on thoſe
That lowr on thee;
And when Heav'n lowers
'Tis love we ſee:
For fruitful ſhowrs
Thou makeſt them to fall on thankleſs foes.

Man, what art made of? doſt not feel that Sun
Diſſolve the Ice?
But thou art clay,
The harder for this:
Yet ſhowrs we ſay,
Soften the hardned Clay; But thou art ſtone.

Father, When man had ceas'd thy ſon to be,
And turn'd thy foe,
Yet didſt thou not
Deſert him ſo;
Nor haſt forgot
To ſet thy child, though batter'd, on thy knee.

When man firſt ſtript himſelf, and ſhew'd his ſhame,
Cloaths from the backs
Of Beaſts leſs wild,
Mans Father takes
To dreſs his Child:
Man loſt his Robe, and Beaſts muſt bear the blame.

Could I, to cloath a Foe, thus ſtrip a Friend?

My God! My God!
What have these done?
And yet thy Rod
Due to thy Son
Falls on these servants backs that never sin'd

Thus man's both fed and clad at thine expence,
Kept at thy charge,
Yet keeps it not;
But lives at large,
As having got
His force to fight thee from thy Providence.

Heaps upon heaps! One load upon another!
God gives Man store,
Like a dear Friend;
Man sins the more,
Till in the end,
Or Mercies sins, or sins do Mercies smother.

Yet thou'rt the Father still: of mercies, Father:
When through sins curse,
Such Rebels dye;
Thou dost yet nurse
Their progenie:
As th' Hen her Chickens, so thou dost them gather.

Thus are all things conserved since the fall,
Both man and beast;
The Rav'ns fed;
The Lillie's dress't;
Then put to bed.
All's kept in't kind, or individual.

How beauteous in its season is each thing?
Summer Supplies

What

What Winter spends:
When Autumn dies,
Such stock descends
As may set up the next succeeding Spring:

Thy Providence makes Clouds feed th' Earth with (Rain:
Th' Earth feed the Plant:
Plant, th' Animal:
So there's no want,
Nor waste at all;
Then th' Earth with Vapours feeds the Clouds a-(gain.
By these, the Marshes make the Mountains drink,
And liquid Seas,
At thy Commands
Water by these
The parched Lands,
Who, but thy self should such a thing forethink.

Thou dost for ev'ry mouth provide a meat:
For ev'ry meat,
A mouth provide:
Thy Board's full set
On ev'ry side:
If ought do fall to th'ground, that th'earth doth eat.

Father, for all things thou dost well provide.
Thou didst erect
This fair Creation.
And dost project
Its preservation:
And being the House-Keeper art the great House-(Guide.
Thou serv'st Thy self of All. Even Satans Brain
Ripens thy Plot;
And his design,

When he thinks not,
Promoteth thine:
Thou mak'ſt that Black-ſmith forge his own dark chain.
Thou mak'ſt mans wrath praiſe thee: And all his evil
Thou turn'ſt to good:
In all mans Story,
Ev'n in mans blood,
Thou ſav'ſt thy glory:
Goodneſs rules all in ſpight of man and Devil.

Yea ſuch is Fathers care, and Fathers ſkill,
When fooliſh man,
Led by that elf,
Doth all he can
T' undo himſelf,
T' extract mans greateſt good from ſuch an ill.

So thou'rt the Father ſtill: Thy new Creation
Moſt ſweetly ſhews
Thy Father-hood:
My God renews
Faln man to good:
By a new word through th' Spirits Incubation.

Adam comes forth, but in a new edition:
Gods bright Portraiture
Is new impreſt,
The Divine Nature,
On mans breſt:
Clear from all treaſon, and from all Miſpriſion.

Father, thou ſoak'ſt this Adamant in blood
Of thy firſt-born.
Mine heart I felt
Did the impreſs ſcorne,

And

And would not melt
Till that red Sea resolv'd it to a flood.

Father, I heard thee beg the Rebels peace,
Rising betimes
To ope thy doors;
For all my crimes
My God implores
Me to take pardon for my wickedness.

Then said I, turn me, O my Lord my God!
And I will turn
To bear thy yoak;
Mine heart doth burn
That I it broke.
O my dear child I'le run and burn my rod.

Thus spake my father. Pains oth' second birth
Did pinch and grieve,
But Gods dear strength
Did soon relieve:
And at the length,
His child bee'ng washt and drest, my God makes mirth.

Nor doth mans elder brother grudge or greive,
But sing and smile,
Angels do shout
Heav'n rings the while
Th' whole court throughout,
To see poor spend-thrift man return and live.

Man thus adopted and regenerate
Searcheth his Fathers
Last Testament,
And thence man gathers
Heav'ns full intent
For his inheritance and future state.

Thou

Thou prov'st thy self my Father all these wayes,
Now let thy Dove
Teach me to fear
To serve and love.
Thee, Father Dear,
Proving my self thy Child, ev'n all my dayes.

If you call on the Father, *pass the time of your sojourning here in fear*, 1 Pet. 1. 17.

SON.

O Let that Dove, that sometimes did thee crown
With yellow Gold,
And Silver Plumes,
Unto thy Poet Thee unfold,
That humbly by thy leave presumes,
To spread thy fame, and scatter thy Renown.
Let thine heroick Spirit guide my Verse.
If thou the thing
Indite,
I write
Touching the King.
What my weak willing heart would fain rehearse.

'Twas when *Augustus Cæsar* laid a Tax
On all the Earth,
Grace call'd for Thee:
'Twas then thy Mother gave thee Birth,
That thou might'st set all nations free,
Heavens fair impression's stampt on Virgin Wax.
To

To us a Child is born, grace gives a Son.
Heav'ns were too bold,
To say
That they
That King can hold,
Who now into a Manger crouds His Throne.

For since sin made man bruitish like the Rest,
My God did lay,
The Bread of Life,
Come down from Heav'n, 'mongst Oats and Hay,
That man might find his food as rife,
Yea find his Saviour whilst he seeks his Beast.
'Tis not the Cloth but Crown that shews the King.
A Cave's a Court,
If there
Appear
The Prince's Port.
Wise men, what mean your Star, your sparkling things.
Sure you can read by that Oriental light
What is this stranger,
That makes his bed
In this poor Cottage, Crib, and Manger;
Having no where else to lay his Head? (light;
'Tis Christ, Earths Joy, Hells torment, Heav'ns de-
Satan, 'tis Christ my Crown, but Christ thy terror,
Bite, if thou dare;
His heel,
I feel,
Is somewhat bare;
But thy bruis'd head shall ever rue thine error.

All wise men do, but foolish sinners do not
Lye prostrated
Before this Babe,
Being

Being lodg'd in such a poor straw-bed;
Nor, to this new-born child, cry, Ah;
They 're so unwise their Masters crib they know
My Lord at eight dayes old began to bleed (not,
For my disease:
To free
Poor me,
Not sort's own ease:
Surely this Martyrs blood's the Churches seed.

Then went he to his Temple with his Mother.
One Dove, me thought,
That blessed maid, (brought
Might then have spar'd, that Lamb being
Before the Lord, whose fleece it laid (ther:
But rightly on, the worlds whole sin might smo-
From thence, my Lord, posts into Egypts Land.
Have at thy head,
Black Prince,
For since
Egypts dark bed
Hath lodg'd this light, what dungeon can with-
(stand?

When *Bethl'hem* first gave Judahs Lyon breath
He boldly wades
Through th' lev'nfold stream:
The Dragons country he invades,
On their own ground thus daring them.
Thence safe returning dwells at Nazareth.
Can any good come thence? fair Nazerene!
Thou dwellest there:
But, Lo!
The Snow
Is not so clear
As thou canst make the Black-More sinner clean.

At

At twelve years old my Lord went thence to
I' the Temple, which
Ne'r ſhines ſo bright
As when my Saviour doth enrich
Its darkened windows with his light,
There ſits the Child to teach the Doctours wit.
The ſeventieth week be'ng come, the time foreſet
In *Daniels* book,
Foretold
Of old;
My Saviour took
Baptiſm to him, a type of's bloody ſweat.

Then was the water waſht that ſcoures my dreſs,
My God, my Chriſt;
Thou could'ſt not need
For thine own ſake a *John Baptiſt*;
But that thou mighteſt cleanſe thy ſeed,
Thou'rt pleas'd thus to fulfill all righteouſneſs.
Jordan's the cleaner Lord for waſhing thee:
Hath *John* indeed,
To be
By thee
Baptiz'd, ſuch need?
O my baptiz'd Redeemer! Sprinkle me.

Chriſt thence aſcending meets his own dear dove
Deſcending, while
The Bridegomes friend,
The *Baptiſt*, doth both ſee and ſmile,
Whoſe ears that heavenly voice attend
O ſon of all my pleaſure, all my love:
From Egypt call'd, th' baptiſmal ſea be'ng croſt,
My Lord, ſets foot
In haſt
On th' waſt:

Heaven

Heav'n drives him to't;
To learn i'th' desart how to seek the lost.

Now with the Lion doth the Lamb converse:
God sends his Child,
His hand to lay
Upon these Beasts that are most wild,
Till he hath taught them to obey:
Tygers, Wolves, Leopards, Beasts most fell and fierce;
My Lord's sent thither sure to learn to tame
Mans brutish heart;
(More wild,
Less mild)
By dear bought art;
To turn the Savage sinner to a Lamb.

The fiery Serpent of the Wilderness
Finding Christ there,
Doth spit and bite;
But th' Brazen Serpents hard and clear,
Scorning the Tempters craft and spight,
The Bullet's batt'red, but not the fortress.
Our Lord now learns to fast that we might feast,
And to be tempted,
That wee
Might bee
Thereby exempted:
Or succour'd so as still to have the best.

If thou be th' Christ, this Stone to Bread convert.
Why fool, the Stone
Which thou wouldst move,
Is Bread already, or there's none,
My Lord was hungry for my love; (heart.
Yet hee's the strengthning Bread of poor mans
Taking this Rock thence to a Mountain high,

Saith

Saith Satan, see;
If thou
Wilt bow
And worship me:
Those Kingdoms all I'll give thee instantly.

Why, fool! Must th' Son buy freedome of a slave?
Hark how thy Chain,
Doth clatter at
Thine heel. My Lord was born to raign;
An Universal Monarchs state,
To him long since Heavns Letters Pattents gave:
To the Temples Pinacle, the Churches Head,
Is hurried next
Bee'ng there,
I hear,
Hell took a text;
The Wolf by preaching would the Lamb preach dead,
Jump down; 'Tis written th' Angels shall thee catch
Say th' Tempers lips;
And that he might
Perswade my Lord to leap, he skips
Those words should set his Doctrine right,
Angels our wayes ('tis not our Trespass) watch.
Thy neck-verse found, in reading dost thou falter,
Yet seem to preach?
For thee
Can be
No Clergy, wretch!
Thus *Haman* sometime handsel'd his own halter.

The Tempter bee'ng at last turn'd off the Ladder,
My Lord sits still
Bee'ng firmer stone,
Then the wrestling place, the Pinacle
From

From whence he threw bold Satan down:
Then th' Angels bring a Chariot from his Father.
This choſen veſſel theſe temptations ſeaſon.
Now He'll begin
To Preach
In each
Place he comes in.
Beleev's his doctrine; Miracles, his reaſon.

Yet who makes uſe? for ev'ry tribe but one
This great High Preiſt,
'Mongſt all, doth get
Whom very near his ſacred breaſt
As precious Jewels he may ſet;
And of this twelve, one's but a *Briſtow* ſtone.
For his firſt proof Chriſt water turns to wine,
At th' marriage-feaſt.
O pure!
Sirs, ſure
It may be gueſt
You to your wedding did invite the Vine.

If this free vine doth yield ſo rich a ſtore;
Who can expreſs
What plenty ſhall
Flow from thy croſs, my God, thy preſs
When they have bruis'd thy cluſters all?
May this Vines blood be my wine evermore
Well done for th' firſt: canſt do it again Lord, do it.
Convert my Verſe,
To thine
Own wine,
My water-verſe:
Renew thy Miracle upon thy Poet.

Soon after to his Temple goes my God.

His

His house of Pray'r
Where th' sheep and dove
Are sold as if there were a fair.
But where is innocence and love?
'Tis time, Lord, in thine house to use thy rod.
Doth av'rice with thy Temple make thus bold?
The next step hence
That we
Shall see
This sin commence,
The Temple of thy body must be sold.

To seek the sunshine, comes a man by night
Hav'ng seen the things
My Lord had wrought.
Heav'ns mysteries my Lord forth brings,
But finds the teacher, how untaught?
Night's most within, but Christ turns all to light:
After this Fountain, thirsting, seek a well:
But finds a ditch
Within
With sin
All foul, the which
He searcheth first; doth all her doings tell:

Then, by revealing her, himself reveal
To be the Christ:
Samaria finds
What blind Jerus'lem sought and mist.
Thou'rt Christ to all kindreds and kinds,
That by beleiving set to thee their seal.
Then say's Disciples, Master eat, we pray;
But he had got
A meat
To eat
Which they knew not,

For he'd gone eating *working* all the day.

Bee'ng thence return'd again to *Galile*,
A noble man,
For's dying ſon
Begs a Reprieve of's Soveraign;
The man beleiv'd it ſhould be done,
And what he firſt beleived did quickly ſee.
Happy that Son, whom Gods Son quickeneth!
More noble ſure,
He is
For this
Even for his cure,
Bee'ng thus by th' Prince of life repreiv'd from (death.
Then to Bethesda's Pool, Salvations Well
Carries a cure
And gives't away;
The Jews this carriage can't endure,
But think Chriſt hurts the Sabbath Day,
Whilſt he poor man for whom 'twas made doth (heal.
Is there no cure, my God, for unbeleif?
'Mongſt all thine art,
Doth there
Appear
None to impart
To this diſeaſe a ſuitable releif.

My Lord invites five thouſand to a feaſt:
No ſtore of diſhes
Beeing dreſt or cook'd;
That, by five loaves and two ſmall fiſhes,
Their unbeleif might all be chok'd, (creaſt.
Whilſt in their mouths their meat's ſo much in-
Yet the next day, as if they'd ne're been fed,
Theſe very men

Do

Do fret,
And whet
Their teeth again,
Not to feed on, but to back-bite Heav'ns Bread.

After, the man born blind to sight's restor'd
By paste of clay,
Surely I should
Have blinded seeing eyes that way,
Being so far, Lord, from doing good.
Yet Jews in these new eyes, can't see the Lord,
Thou tak'st a living mon'ment from a grave.
Thy foes may see
The dead
Raised;
Yet they'd kill thee;
Oh, my dear Lord, what sign would sinners have?

Devils are all cast out, but unbeleif,
Dead Palsies too,
Receive their cure;
But Oh, Dead hearts, what aileth you,
That you do more and more obdure:
Not miracles, but blood must cure this grief.
Ah! My dear Lord, the wither'd hand is heal'd:
And yet the hand
Of faith
Who hath?
Jews still withstand:
And after all, to whom's thine arm reveal'd?

Leavers are quench'd; yet fury burns amain:
Issues of blood
Are stanched quite:
All evils but their spleen find good;
And th' bloody issues of their spite,

Oh! how Jews hate the good Samaritan!
Do Phariſees waſh oft? Ah they have need:
Leopards to clear,
But then
Theſe men
The liv'ry wear.
Gehazi's curſe is on them and their ſeed.

Who cures their Phrenſies, can't their rage allay,
They contradict
The tongue that taught
The dumb to ſpeak: yea when convict
By the ſtrange cures my Saviour wrought
In falling-ſickneſſes, yet fall away.
Creeples get legs; yet mens opinions halt
Who thou ſhouldſt be;
One while
They ſmile
Then lowr on thee;
But thou art ſtill the ſame: Lord! where's the faul
t?
For thy good works their hardned hearts do ſtone
Sure it diſpleaſes (thee.
That they have health,
And that thou carri'ſt their diſeaſes;
Scatt'ring among thy poor the wealth.
My God ev'n of thine own how few do own thee!
Oh! how they daily carpe at righteouſneſs!
Life may not live,
If they
But may
The ſentence give.
They plot to bring ſalvation to diſtreſs.

To drag the Reſurrection to the grave:
Earths health to anguiſh;

How

How fain would they
See their dear-cheap Physitian languish
Who freely cures them all the day.
Him to destroy they plot, he them to save.
My Lord thy patience is a miracle
'Mongst all the rest
(As wee
May see)
None of the least.
My Lord! If I may judge, it doth excell.

Ohlhow they grudge my Lord his drink and food!
The Bread, the Vine,
Sent down to us,
As bee'ng a bibber of much wine
They tax, and call him gluttonous,
Who's only greedy for to do them good.
These dunghils to asperse the sun begin.
He casts out evil,
Yet they
Do say
He hath a Devil;
Sinner, they call the fountain ope for sin.

Hee is the Son o'th' Carpenter, say some;
The Son of God,
You might have said,
Who rais'd Heav'ns roof you see so broad,
Such Carpentry's no such mean trade,
Helping to ground fill all this lõwer room.
Others object that they his country know,
The place from whence
He came
Can name,
And how long since.
Why, Sirs, pray when did you to Heaven go?

Then they perſwade us that the King ſpeaks treaſon
Becauſe he makes
Himſelf to be
God as he is: becauſe he takes
His own, they cry out robbery.
Lord, all men have not Faith, all have not reaſon.
Sometimes he is not *Ceſars* friend, they ſay,
Who's *Ceſars* King.
Tet hee,
We ſee,
Makes fiſh to bring
Tribute to him, that he may *Ceſar* pay.

Then they cry out, that he's the ſinners friend.
But, Oh! that they
That thus exclaime,
Had rightly known what now they ſay,
The counſel that to ſinners came
From his dear friendly lips the'd more attend.
To make Chriſt claſh with *Moſes* they project.
The great Law-giver
Doth teach
Its breach;
This they deliver
Who would the copy by the proof correct.

How ſharp their ſight to find faults where are none?
But Oh! how dim
For to deſcry
That radiant deity in him?
And moſt of all how blind to ſpie
Thoſe great prodigious evils of their own?
The Temple he'd deſtroy, and then rebuild,
This Jews object;
But what
Of that?

Themſelves

Themſelves project
How th'Temple of Chriſts Body might be kill'd.

How malice mixt with blindneſs all miſconſters!
My Lord ſo ſpake
As n're did man;
Yet's words and works too they'll miſtake,
Say he or do he what he can.
To match his miracles they bring forth Monſters,
Have Rulers or have Phariſees beleev'd?
The Law we know;
Say thoſe
His foes.
Ah! if i'were ſo
The Law-Maker would ſure have been receiv'd.

Yet this good Shepherd finds ſome ſtragling ſheep,
The Goſpel-net
Some fiſhers takes:
Some at receipt of cuſtome ſet
Chriſts cuſtomers his market makes.
And what he finds he'll ſpend his life but keep,
Some wiſe and noble too, although not many
King Jeſus Court
Can ſhow:
And ſo
To keep his Fort
There's one Centurion, Lord, 'tis well there's any.

Mary th'unclean from whom as many Devils,
As muddy *Nile*
Hath ſtreams, are caſt:
Each flood had its own Crocodile:
Yet ſhe becomes one ſtream at laſt
Of Goſpel penitence for all her evils. (dry;
Chriſts feet waſht with her tears her hair makes

And Christ agen
With blood
Makes good
Her wayes unclean:
And with forgiveness wipes the weepers eye.

A *Canaanite* to the King of *Hebrews* comes,
Begs and implores
At *Israels* feast
Some succour from those sacred sloses
That Jesus for the Jews had drest,
Whil'st Children slight their bread, she leaps at crumbs.
A little man, but sinner not the least
Climbs up on high
That he
The Tree
Of life might spie;
And in the fruitless *Sycamore* a feast.

Mary, the Lords *Messiah*, doth annoint;
Disciples grudge,
And think't too good
For him who thinketh not too much
To spend on them his precious blood.
See how one *Judas* puts all out of joynt?
Beeing thus annointed Christ as King appears,
And forth doth go,
As King
Riding
To *Sion* so,
Who brings salvation, him an *Ass-Colt* bears:

Thus fooliſh things, and things that men deſpiſe
The Lord doth chuſe;
That this dumb *Aſs*
Might preach performance to the Jews

Of

Of what of old foreſpoken was ;
And Chriſt by weakneſs might confound the wiſe.
Judah ! thy ſcepter's gone, but *Shiloh's* come.
Jeruſalem !
Look out,
And ſhout,
For *Davids* ſtem
Now ſprings a freſh in thy Law-givers room.

Children, by their *Hoſannahs* loudly cry'd,
Do teſtifie
My Saviours praiſe,
That he might ſtill his foes thereby,
His Name theſe Babes and ſucklings raiſe,
Whilſt th' Elders and the Fathers him deride.
Thus whilſt the Fathers fall ith' Wilderneſs,
Children inherit ;
Why lo,
Ev'n ſo
It pleas'd the Spirit,
What men deny, to teach poor Babes confeſs.

What Jews reject poor Greeks make friends to ſee
Sion, take heed
Thou be n't the hive
That others do with hony ſeed,
Not taſting what it ſelf doth give ;
Whileſt Gentiles ſteal away thy Chriſt from thee.
What needs more proof? my Lord puts on the rack
Dewils themſelves
(Though Jews
Refuſe,
As worſer elves)
Till they to him a full confeſſion make.

Would you beleive, if your high Prieſt ſhould tell

Or

Or who's the Chriſt,
Should teſtifie?
Sure your own *Caiaphas* little miſt,
Saying 'twas meet this man ſhould die
For th' people, that they periſh not: Go-ſpell;
How ſweetly ſings this Swan before them all!
Though envy fumes
His skin
Within
His whited Plumes, (neral,
Their High Prieſt ſings Heav'ns High Preiſts Fu-

Thus men teach Parrots ſpeak, but what they know
The High Prieſt cryes (not;
(And ſurely he
Should know) this mans your Sacrifice,
Yet Chriſt their Saviour muſt not be;
My Lord, men do confeſs thee though they do not.
This Sacrifice the prieſt plots how to kill,
And yet there was
More Prieſt
In Chriſt
Then *Caiaphas*.
Thus types the truth, ſhadows would ſubſtance (ſpil.
Innocent Lamb! although thou knew'ſt this plot,
Yet, Oh how fain
Would'ſt thou get up
To be in read'neſs to be ſlain
'Gainſt th' Paſsover; that all might ſup?
My Lord thou ſeeſt thy death but ſhun'ſt it not.
This is the Paſchall Lamb, ſure I may call it
Immaculate;
O God,
Thy blood
Sprinkles my gate;

Act

Yet is thy bitter grief my bitter ſallet.

I' the upper room my Lord beſpeaks the feaſt
For his dear friends;
That they might know
That from above their chear deſcends;
Who'l Feaſt with Chriſt muſt upwards go.
But, Oh! how dear for all pays this dear gueſt?
Deſiring I'ave deſir'd this feaſt to eat
With you, before
I go
Unto
The other ſhore.
Oh! how my Lord hungers to be my meat?

Yet Friends, there's ſomething I muſt ſadly ſay;
You're not all clean,
'mongſt you doth ſit
(The man that dips with me I mean)
A Devil, yet an Hypocrite,
That ſhall this night the God of truth betray.
'Tis my purſe bearers plot his Lord to ſell,
Who had him bought;
The wretch
To Preach
I ſometime taught,
But not to ſell me, or himſelf to Hell.

Judas! canſt thou find death in ſuch a Pot?
Plot ſuch a matter
Againſt thy Maſter?
Whilſt thy ſop ſoftens in my platter.
Who of each diſh made thee a taſter,
Hardens thy heart the whilſt *Iſcariot*?
Will nothing ſerve but ſops in blood next meal?
My Purſe, my diſh

Were

Were free
To thee
What more could'ſt wiſh ?
Wretch ! what thou doſt do quickly: Run, and ſell.

Penſive Diſciples when they hear, and know it,
Each fears for one:
But he that bears
The bag, is lag; perdition's Son
He is the laſt that doubts or fears:
Slow to confeſs, but Oh ! how ſwift to do it.
Come children take this bread, 'tis broke for you:
Much good may't do you;
'Tis dreſt,
And bleſt,
Take it unto you,
And therewithall my broken body too.

Come my Diſciples here's an health likewiſe
To you, not me;
Let it go round,
Salvations cup's the cup you ſee;
Your health is in my bloody wound,
Think of my blood as oft as ye drink this.
Your Makers broken Law, your bloody ſin,
And bleeding heart
Bring mee
To ſee
And feel this ſmart.
Who would Hell conquer muſt with death begin.

My Teſtament I leave you ſeal'd in blood:
You I bequeath
When ere I die
Full conqueſt over ſin and death
With life and peace; which by and by

I the Teſtator by my death make good. (for you
Pledge me, dear friends, this blood was broach'd
I'll drink no more
Of wine
O'th' vine,
Till being got ore,
I may in Fathers kingdome drink it new.

Come let's now ſing, ſaith Chriſt, ſeeing all my ſorrow
Is but your Crown;
Thorns at the breaſt
Make muſick, when the Spirit's down,
Yea ſometimes muſick of the beſt;
Let's ſing to night, for I muſt dye to morrow.
My Lord then riſeth up from whence he ſate
Whom winds obey,
And ſeas
With theſe,
Diſciples may
Now ſee him, that he may be gracious, waits.

Sure whilſt my Saviour ſerves, who ever came
See'ng him ſo dreſt
Waiting on all
Girt with a Napkin, ſcarce had gueſt
This were the feaſt of's Funeral,
But marriage-Supper rather of the Lamb.
After the wine my Lord doth water take;
Heav'n ſtoops to meet,
And bow
As low
As ſinners feet.
Oh what clean work Chriſt's blood and Spirit (makes.
Peter, thou think'ſt that I ſtoop down too low,
And fai'ſt I ſhall

N're

Ne're wash thy feet;
Then canst thou have no part at all
In *Davids* Son, not be made meet
I' th' new Jerusalems clean streets to go,
Streets that are pure as gold and clear as glass:
This Basin is
Thy way
I say
To this fair bliss:
Israel to *Canaan* must through *Jordan* pass.

Sirs, see you what I h've done, and do you know it?
You call me well,
Say'ng I'm your Lord:
If I then stoop, Oh! never swell.
If I have wash't your feet, afford
You to do likewise; Happy if you do it.
Servants, my Livery you must wear is Love.
This bowl's my Spirit,
Which I
Now die
That you may 'nherit:
The Lamb goes hence that he may send the Dove.

Oh may this towel bind your hearts in one!
My bending down,
Teach them to bow!
May pride and sinful passions drown
In this full Basin. Men shall know
By this that you are mine when I am gone.
Gone? I'll go too, saith *Peter*, Lord I will
What ere comes on't.
Oh no!
Not so;
'Tis a sore brunt.
Best mettal melts when men their Maker kill.

Nay

Nay Lord, though all men run, I'll ſtand by thee:
Run friends or foes,
Foes to purſue,
Or friends to ſcape the hands of thoſe.
Poor man i'll tell thee what's more true,
Ere th' Cock crow twice I thrice denied muſt be.
Sure *Peters* courage ſtrangly is come on.
My paſſion lo!
He did
Forbid,
Now he'll die too.
Yet when the Shepherd dies, the ſheep will run.

Let not your hearts be troubled, but believe
In God and Mee;
I ride before
To ſee things may in read'neſs be,
Behold I'll meet you at the door:
My Fathers houſe can me and you receive.
Whither I go, ye know, and th' way ye know.
Saith *Thomas*, Nay
Lord, we
Can't ſee
Which is the way,
For, we alas! know n't whither thou doſt go.

Thomas, I am the true and living way.
My fleſh I gave,
(Knoweſt thou me)
A path-way unto Heav'n to pave,
Cemented with my blood to be,
So that who walks in me can't go a ſtray.
Shew us the Father, Lord, that's all our bliſs;
Doth *Philip* ſay.
How long
Among

You

You must I slay,
Ere you know me, saith Christ, why here he is!

Judas replyed, but not th' *Iscariot*, Lord,
How is't that thou
Thy self to us,
But not unto the world dost shew
Thy blessed self revealing thus:
Why, *I* will do't to all that keep my word,
Peace I leave with you, my peace I you give,
Not as the world,
When here
And there
You're tost and hurl'd,
The sweetest calm shall then your hearts releive.

Friends, If you love me let me go, don't grieve me.
Oh! how your sobs
Do antedate
My passion, oh my pulse vies throbs,
Oh let my grief in yours abate;
My Fathers arms are ready to receive me.
Sirs I can't stay to talk: yonder's the Prince
The world that swayes:
O see
How hee
Doth's legions raise;
Yet of one single fault can't me convince.

I am the vine, ye branches bring forth fruit:
My blood's your sap:
My blood's your seed:
'Tis well for you that others tap
The vessel, that the vine may bleed:
The hand that empties me doth you recruit.
O if you love your selves let me go send

That

That guide to you
That ſhall
Ev'n all,
Ev'n all things ſhew.
I h've much to ſpeak which you can't yet attend.

A little while I diſappear, Anon
I'm ſeen agen;
For to the Father
I go; ſay they, what may this mean,
This little while? we cannot gather.
Why, friends, when winter's over ſpring comes on.
Truth, Lord! we now beleive. Ah do you ſo?
Juſt now comes on
An houre
Whoſe ſhowre
Will make you run,
Whilſt ſolitary to my grave I go.

Yet am I not alone: O bleſſed Father!
Thou'rt with me ſtill:
Now glorifie
Thy Son, thy Son: when *Butchers* kill
Thy Lamb, Oh take me up on high
And thine and mine Lord with me, to me gather:
Theſe are thy ſtock I kept, and did improve them.
For theſe I pray,
And all
That ſhall
Thy word obey::
Lord, here's thine own again; O keep them, love (them!
Then his Diſciples forth my Lord do th lead.
Cedron th' way
Makes me bethink
What th' Pſalmiſt of th' High Prieſt doth ſay.

He of the brook i'th' way shall drink,
Therefore he shortly shall lift up the head.
Thence they together to the garden pass,
Where grew that store
That can
Fall'n man
Make as before:
Sure my Redeemer's Rue's that herb of grace.

'Twas in a garden *Adam* did undo us;
There grew that fruit
Whose bitterness,
That man for ever might not ru't,
My Lord did taste and squeeze and press:
Then from a Garden brings our cure unto us.
O mount of Olives! O *Gethsemane*!
To all else yet
A foile
Of Oyle!
Of bloody sweat
Only to me——— sinner! here's Oyl for thee.

Sirs, sit you here, *Peter*, and *James*, and *John*,
Oh! I begin
To feel such smart
Amazeth me that n'ere knew sin:
Yet how it cuts my very heart!
Sirs, sit you down: I must pray or I'm gone.
This cup, this cup, O Father! may it pass!
This cup, this cup
May't pass!
Alas!
Must I drink't up?
Why, all thy vials dregs are in this glass.

Ah! friends your heav'ness doth augment mine too.

How

How can your eyes
Continue ſhut
So near ſuch ſtrong and bitter cries?
Dulneſs, I now perceive, can cut:
Will you not watch with him that's ſick for you?
You three of all I choſe for ſentinels:
I bade you lie
Perdieu,
But you
Sleep though I dye.
Yet in weak fleſh a willing ſpirit dwels.

But though my foot-guard ſleeps, mine horſe-men
Though men do grieve me (watch;
Yet at the length
Mine heav'nly Angels do releive me,
Heav'ns ſuccours reinforce my ſtrength.
Sin, do thy worſt now, thou'lt meet with thy match,
Yet, Oh this cup! this cup! Lord let it paſs
If't be thy will;
Yet thine
Not mine
Perform thou ſtill.
Thy ſcalding wrath, Lord, cracks my brittle glaſs.

Sin entred man at firſt but by one hole:
But ev'ry pore
Throughout my skin,
My God! my God! becomes a door
Whence blood goes out whilſt wrath comes in.
Such anger through thine anger melts my ſoul.
Can you get ſleep, whilſt in this ſcalding bath
I melt away,
Blood-wet,
In ſweat?
Sirs think I pray,

'Tis for your feavers fake of ſin and wrath.

What, can I not one hours ſhort watch obtain?
One houres? I ſay.
Oh you'l be tempted;
Watch for your own ſakes then, and pray:
Oh! pray that you may be exempted.
There are no vapours left in my parcht brain:
I'm paſt all ſleeping now, but th' ſleep of death.
But, Oh! let it paſs
This cup?
Drinks't up.
Thy ſword, alas!
In thine own fellow-ſhepheard doſt thou ſheath?

Oh! how thy wrath my flow'r to hay converts!
My bones do ſtart.
My fleſh conſumes,
My ſkin is parcht, as bottels are
I' th' ſmoak Lord, through thine angry fumes.
Diſciples, now ſleep on, and reſt your hearts.
This reſtleſs night of mine procures for you
A day of peace;
My ſhowr's,
Your flow'rs,
Your joyes increaſe.
Never did night yield ſuch a bleſſed dew:

Honey to mine, though Gall and Blood to me:
I mean thoſe drops
Which from my brow
Bedew the ground Sinners, what crops
May your dear Lord expect from you?
But now let's riſe; yon Traitour comes, I ſee.
Your Saviour's given into ſinners hands.
Judas! Art come?

Thou

Thou'lt soon
Be gone
Hence to thine home;
Whilst thou twists mine, I faster knit thy bands.

Thou send'st me to my cross, but I'll be even;
Thou shalt hang first,
Theif that thou art!
Thou'st broke thy faith, and thou shalt burst
Asunder, false perfidious heart!
'Tis fit such pay be to such traitours given.
Into the second *Adam's* garden creep
Dost thou Serpent?
That way
Betray
The innocent?
Methinks thou smil'st as Grocodiles do weep.

Canst kiss, and court me still? Hail! Master, Hail
'Twas sometimes said,
O kiss the Son
Lest he be wroth, and strike you dead;
Sure thy kiss is not such a one.
With unbeleivers, hypocrites shall wail.
Judas, thou know'st mine haunt. I'th' very place
Me to betray
Just there
Even where
With me to pray
Thy feigned lips were wont, hast thou the face.

What means thy search? wretch, thou'rt the fugitive
Your Lanthorn Light,
Sirs, also shews
Your works are darkness, and you night.
Why force you what I don't refuse?

L Is it my life you ſeek? 'tis that I give.
Jeſus of *Nazareth* you're come to take;
Why I am he.
They all
Down fall.
Can majeſtie
Upon ſuch Rebels ſuch impreſſion make?

L My Lord, thou needſt not flee, nor *Peter* draw?
They run, they run:
Backwards they fall;
Yet to be taken thou comeſt on,
Yielding thy ſelf unto their thrall,
L Who cannot ſlip thy curb from off their jaw.
Servants are let go free, while th' Maſter's bound.
Bold *Peter* now,
To ſhow his
Proweſs,
L Is word and blow:
But the meek priſ'ner gently cures the wound.

L Thou chid'ſt thy Champion while thou friend'ſt (thy foe,
Sweet Prince of peace!
The wounds of foes
Thou'ſt rather heal with gentleneſs,
Then thine ſhould ſteal to flint oppoſe.
L *Peter*'s too hot to hold, I fear me ſo.
What mean your ſwords and ſtaves? ſirs! who's (the thief;
You've ſtol'n the fruit,
And yet
Are ſet
To make purſuit
L I've only ſtol'n the puniſhment and grief.

Was I not with you in the temple ſtill?
Have you forgot

My

My Sermons there?
Yet all that while ye took me not.
And must I now theſe ſhackles wear?
Th' *Eſſential* muſt the *written* word fulfill.
See my Diſciples leave me and they fly:
Each ſhifts for one:
And ſo
I too
Could well have done;
But, lo! my bondage is their liberty.

Thus bound they drag me to the High Prieſt firſt,
Who am the goat
Doom'd thus to die
More by Heav'ns counſell then their plot,
For ſin, in mine Humanity;
Which though it knew no ſin, for ſin's accurſt.
Then they confeſs over my guiltleſs head
Their ſins not mine:
Yet I
Did cry,
Something divine
You'l find hath *ſcap'd* your hands when I am dead.

In my two natures I'm both Goats in one;
Can dye, yet ſcape;
Can ſcape, yet dye:
I can diſcharge firſt *Adams* rape,
Then ſecond *Adams* bands untie.
Sinner, I muſt do both, or thou'rt undone.
Falſe witneſs they ſuborn'mongſt faithleſs Jews.
Such is their grudge
Their Lord
They 'ccord
To death t'adjudge
Though witneſſes agree not that accuſe.

Art thou the Christ? they captiously enquire;
Not for to know
As sometime did
Johns dear Disciples, but to throw
Mine own confessions at mine head.
They watch my words with an enflam'd desire:
This *Mary* sometimes did, but not as they;
Not life but death
They watch
And catch
From my dear breath,
Both to themselves and me this bloody day.

Peter steales to their fire, to melt, not fight:
Mine seldome warme
Themselves with such
But quickly rue their dear-bought harme,
Saying the warmth's not half so much.
Sirs, is't so this morn? 'twas hot i'th' night;
I felt it so: Nor find I ought yet cool,
Except it be
The love
Even of
My friends to me,
Whilst enemies my wisdome fain would fool.

The High Priest rends his cloaths, but not his heart;
Then all condemn me
The Hall throughout,
Who must judge all; Abjects contemn me:
Whom Angels do admire, they flout.
They are the *Ishmaels*, I bear *Isaac's* part.
Then they blindfold mine eyes, to whom the night
Shines as the day;
I can't,
Sure, want,

Who

Who gave away
So many eyes to others wanting ſight.

Oh! how theſe Bats project to blind the Sun!
Moles plot and think
(How wiſe they are?)
With a poor clout thus to hood-wink
Jacobs true bright and morning ſtar.
Indeed if't could, you've need it ſhould be done.
How they to make me like themſelvés deviſe?
I, and they, wink:
They ſee
Not mee;
And ſo they think
I can't ſee them, although *I* made their eyes.

Others, for ſpight, ſpit on my bleſſed face,
Which *Moſes*, and
Elias too,
Did once i'th'mount admiring ſtand
Transfigur'd then, disfigur'd now.
How men beſpatter Gods own Looking glaſs.
Theſe potſheards then their potter ſmite with rods.
My white and ruddy
Theſe foes
With blows
Make black and bloody:
I'm box'd by ſlaves, who rule among the Gods.

Then propheſie who ſmote thee, ſome do cry.
Alas! who not?
Yet I'll impart;
Me, for my *ſeed*, my Father ſmote;
But never did mine own clean heart.
Scorners, go read *Iſaiahs* Propheſie:
He did eſteem me ſtricken of my God;

That

That ſtripes on me,
My ſmart
Of heart,
Mans cure might be:
Man did the fault, and I muſt feel the rod.

Peter, I doubt thy courage will ſoon coole
At that ſame fire;
Th' Ague 'll come on:
Satan to ſift thee did require.
Now *Peter* prove the rock and ſtone.
My dear Diſciple don't deny my ſchoole.
Oh! at firſt charge, I ſee my Champion's laid!
The ſhield, the ſhield
Of faith
He hath
Near loſt this ſhield.
Who play'd the man 'mongſt men, falls by a maid.

Whom fleſh and blood reveal'd not, fleſh and blood
Can teach deny,
Ev'n his dear Lord;
Conſtant to 's own unconſtancy.
Ev'n as if this had been his word,
I will deny, not dye, to this he ſtood.
Oh! my poor fiſher's caught the ſecond time,
I ſaid, abide
In me,
Or ye
Will quickly ſlide:
But now it ſeems to be of *me*'s a crime.

Then others cry this man's of *Nazareth*.
He by and by
With curſing doth
Me, that have born this curſe, deny:
And ſwears he knows not what he know'th.

Peter

Peter, they say they smell thee by thy breath
To be of me, Oh! that I could so say!
Sirs, don't you hear?
The man
Can ban,
Can curse and swear.
That he's of me, Sirs, doth such speech betray?

Surely you know my speech no more then me.
Peter denies
His Christ——so crew
The Bird that wakes the sleepers eyes:
I lookt on *Peter*, then he knew
The Cock his Masters Monitour to be.
Peter thus finding all crow over him
Runs forth to weep;
His soul
Now foule
To wrinse and steep;
Ev'n in a spring tide of salt tears to swim.

I have deni'd my Lord, my Lord that's dying:
I have deni'd
My Lord, my Lord
Whom I confest, profest; bee'ng tried
I have renounc'd his and my word;
My Lord that bought me I have been denying.
Now his hot fit's come on. My Christ, when ever,
Through thou know'st what,
Thee I
Deny
In word or thought;
Oh! give me *Peters* sweat in *Peters* seaver.

By this time is my dooms dayes dawning come.
Their rightful King

Jews

Jews having bound
Before an alien Judge do bring.
That guilt i'th'guiltleſs might be found,
Butchers object, but I the Lamb, lye dumb.
Herod, and *Pontius Pilate*, Gentiles, Jews
Counſell and plot:
I am
The Lamb
Muſt go to pot:
Satan is at mine heel, which he will bruiſe.

Who art? and, what is truth? *Pilate* enquires.
Bee'ng ſtrange to both
I find it ſo:
Yet to my bloodſhed lag and loth,
Whileſt my own people raging go
To burn King *Davids* branch with Gentile fires.
Take him your ſelves, ſaith *Pilate*, Jewiſh men,
Eaſe your own grudge.
Say they
We may
No man adjudge
To death. Our *Scepter's* gone. Where's *Shiloh* then?

See you your wants? not what ye have, O yee?
Why, *Shiloh's* come:
My white and ruddy,
This wine and milk, though I be dumb,
Speaks it; thy innocence thus bloody.
This is your *Shiloh's* garment: can't you ſee?
'Tis not ſo long, O thou my city! ſince
Hoſannahs, cryed
In thee
To mee,
Me teſtified;
Thy people gath'ring round about their prince

'Tis

It is not so long since I did bind my sole,
Mine Asses Colt,
Unto my vine;
To thee, *Jerus'lem*, now revolt;
That I might wash my weeds in wine,
Whilst to the death I'm pouring out my soul.
Judas mean while, consid'ring all that's done
Through his foul sin,
Relents,
Repents,
And brings agen
That dunghill-dirt for which he sold the Sun.

For's thirty pieces thirty thousand woes
Oppress his heart.
Then to his Priest,
I've sinned, and the innocent must smart.
The wretch being shriven so confest.
See thou to that, say th' Priests, see thou to those.
Oh! to what lead doth *ill-got* silver turn?
Judas can't bear
The weight
Of it;
Yet 'twas his dear:
Oh! take't agen; My fingers burn, they burn.

Into the treasury this they dare not cast:
Oh! it is not good,
Poor men they dare not;
Oh! 'tis the price the price of blood,
And yet to spill that blood they spare not:
Thus *Gnats* do stick, whilst *Camels* go down fast.
They take the mony first, and then dispute
Whether 't should be so.
Mean while
The vile

Traitour

Traitour doth go,
Bee'ng *self-condemn'd* himself to execute.

A bloody peice of Charitie's the end.
The Potters field,
That strangers might
Be buri'd there, to buy they yield,
L Not burying there their own strange spite.
Thus kind to strangers, whilst they kill their friend.
Mean while me at a *goodly price* men hold;
Hereto it's come,
One field
Can yield
As great a sum,
L As doth the Maker of the world when fold.

Now th' Judge of all stands bound at *Pilat's* bar.
Great God is tryed
For's life, by man:
Yet by this stranger justified,
Say mine own people what they can.
Hurried to *Herod* next, and's men of War.
Herod forsooth would see a miracle,
L And doth, whilst I
Sustain
Disdain
So patiently,
L Who could scoule these proud scorners quick to Hell.
In white and splendid rayment then, from thence
I'm re-convey'd
To my first judge.
('Twixt whom and *Herod* peace is made,
They in my blood can sink their grudge)
Wearing the type of my clear innocence,
Saith *Pilate*, see nor I nor *Herod* can

His

His crime discry
Why he
Should be
Condemn'd to dye;
Will you, this feast, that I release this man?

Take him, and scourge him, scourge him as you list,
Oh! What I feel!
My God what lashes!
Think you my back is stone or steel!
Like your hard hearts? O gage these gashes?
And spare your rod, or tell me wherefore is't.
Yet doth mine hand still sway that Iron rod,
Wherewith I can
All those
My foes,
Ev'n as one man,
In pieces break; and make them know I'm God.

Who would have thought all government were laid
Upon these shoulders
Thus rent and torn
By cruel stripes? yet they're th' upholders
Whereon both globes o'th' world are born;
A load that's light to the stripes of them that straid.
I am the fruitful field now plowd in furrows,
That ev'ry sin
Might have
It's grave
To wither in.
I am the rock, these holes are sinners burrows.

Princes, whilst under *Pædagogues* they bee,
Can stand and see,
When they've transgrest,
Subjects whipt for't; why, *Pilate*, mee

Thou

Thou'ſt innocent and king confeſt,
Yet for my peoples faults I'm ſcourged by thee.
Pilate, thou think'ſt theſe bloody ſtripes may ceaſe
Their bloody cry,
But blood
So good,
They'll drink them dry,
And their Hydropick thirſt will more increaſe.

Alas! thou think'ſt to ſeal me a releaſe
From blood in gore,
But 'twill not be
Till I have emptied all my ſtore.
Then, ſinner, there's releaſe for thee.
So dearly muſt I buy my ſubjects peace.
Pilate's own wife becomes mine advocate:
Her ſufferings in
Her dream,
To them
She doth begin,
So to prevent my paſſion, to relate.

But who can harden his ſoft cowardiſe,
To take my part,
And ſhield my right?
Or mollifie their hardened heart
To quit their ſpleen, or ſcirrhous ſpite?
Pilate have nought to do with Chriſt, ſhe cries:
Woman, thy husband's like to've nothing ſure
With me to do:
Whilſt he
For me
No heart can ſhow;
But to condemn whom he acquits, endure.

Pilates own Lady playes the nurſing mother:
Whilſt

Whilest Jews reject,
Builders refuse
Fair *Sions* precious stone Elect
Which for the corner God will use.
'Ware *Pilate* lest this croud thy conscience smother.
Pilate and I have two hard parts to play;
Pilate, to please
All those
My foes,
Yet me release:
I, to make Heav'n and earth good friends this day.

Time after time he questions and approves
Mine innocence;
And tells the Jews
That clearly that's all mine offence:
And doth the oyl of courtship use,
Which either more enflames, or nothing moves,
Pilate hangs first 'twixt two bee'ng crucified,
Conscience and fear:
The Rout
Without
For blood appear:
By *Pilates* Privy Counsell 'tis denied.

Will you, saith *Pilate*, I release your King,
Or *Barabbas*
The Murderer?
The Man of Men the Monster was,
Yet *Barabbas* they all prefer;
Blood upon blood thus on themselves they bring.
Now O ye Heavens stand astonished!
And thou, bright Sun,
Be gone:
Get on
Thy mourning gown!

That when I *bow* mine, thou may'ſt *hide* thine head.

Let *God'rens* now for kind commended be;
Yet they preferd
Their heard of ſwine,
But no *Barabbas* in that Herd.
But, Oh! the hoggiſhneſs of mine,
Even of mine only people unto me!
Why ev'n theſe Butchers trade's a miſtery.
There is a skill
That they
This day
Have learnt to fill
Their hands with blood: and that before I die.

The murder and the murd'rer all's their own
Whilſt they thus chuſe:
And oh! what wonder?
What fitter head, for bloody Jews,
Than this *Barabbas* to liſt under;
Whilſt from their head they caſt off me their crown?
My Chriſt, there's yet a ſweeter miſtery:
Innocent breath
I ſee
In thee
Condemn'd to death;
That th' chief of ſinners might eſcape thereby.

What ſhall I do then with your King, ſaith he?
Him Crucifie
Cries all the rout,
Oh let him, let him, let him dye!
As if they could not live without
His blood; no more can I Lord, give it mee.
Why but ſaith *Pilate*, tell me what's his crime,
Or take him you.

Away

Away,
Say they,
Let him dye now,
To find his fault would ask too long a time.

Whilſt all can tell me how, none can tell why
I ſhould be kill'd.
Sirs, is't becauſe
I gave you good and righteous Laws
Which you have broke, and I fulfill'd?
Muſt I becauſe I let you live, now dye?
Or is it for ſome injuries of old!
In *Egypt*, and
In the
Red Sea,
And deſert land,
Whereof your Fathers Fathers have you told!

Or is't becauſe I ſaid I came from God
To bring a new
And great Salvation,
Greater then th' firſt, to thee, O Jew!
Proving my miſſion to my Nation,
By an all-conquering wonder-working Rod?
Is it becauſe your dumb can ſpeak, that I'm
Cry'd out againſt?
'Gainſt me
Are ye,
O Jews! incenſt
Becauſe of all my cures? are they my crime?

Is it becauſe your dead are rais'd, that I
Am grudg'd my breath?
Grudg'd what I give?
Am I therefore condemn'd to death?
Doth't therefore greive you that I live?

Why I ſhall quicken the more when ere I dye.
Then *Pilate* puts me in the ſouldiers hands:
They plat a Crown
Alaſs!
It was
A thorny one
Which he muſt wear, who Heav'n and Earth commands.
Why, I am *Iſrael's* King; and him I found
I' th' wilderneſs,
That howling waſte
Whoſe muſick theſe outcries expreſs;
Whoſe only fruits are thorns, I taſt; (crown'd,
Cloath'd with their ſins I'm with their thorns too
Thus I with ſinners change, 'tis well for them.
Their thorney Crown
So worn,
And born,
I make mine own,
Yielding for it an heavenly Diadem.

Iſrael, that ſo long brought me no ſweet Cane,
Now puts me off
With a poor weed;
For ſacrifice they bring a ſcoff:
And for my ſcepter, bring a reed;
Yet by me Princes rule and Kings do reign.
Then in a Purple Robe they me inveſt;
But that ſame colour
I wore
Before
Through ſtripes and dolour,
Both on my ſcourged back and tortur'd breaſt.

Then gath'ring round, ev'n as they liſt, they ſhout me.
Hail King! they cry;
And

And bow the knee,
But not their hearts: (Why, truly I
Ever had some that so serve mee)
Breathing disdain, yet can't they breath without me.
They rend my flesh, the Temples of mine Head
They smite with reeds:
But I
Surely
Shall quit their deeds,
By rending Vaile and Temple when I'm dead.

In strange disguise (for so are Princes wont
When as they pass
Through strangers lands,
And such *Judea* is, alas!
To me, whilst I am in such hands:)
Brought forth I am that Priests might me confront
A ruthfull spectacle! a man of grief!
Laden with woes!
With thorns;
With Scorns
Of bitter foes!
Will not the Priest and Levite yield relief?

Whither, oh! whither, would I, could I flie?
Shall I repair
To th' Altars side?
Spight is there hottest. There they are
That first cry'd, be he Crucified.
Away, say they, O let him, let him die.
We have a Law, the Sonne of Death he is,
Gods Sonne to be
That makes
Or takes
Himself, here's he.
Sirs do not quote the *Second Psalm* for this.

Pilate an Heathen dreads my reverend name,
Which Jews despise:
Enquires the more
Whence I am? whence my Kingdome is?
Not of this world, I h'd said before;
So, he my dumbness, I his deafness blame.
Of what he asks I did the truth impart,
And told him so:
But hee,
'Gan flee
The truth, as though
It were some Ghost or Mormo. *Truth!* what art?

With's power of life and death he then doth brave
Who hold the keys (me,
Of *David* still,
To shut and open as I please,
To bind and loose all as I will,
For such Command'ments God my Father gave me:
Yet *Pilates* Conscience in his face still flies:
Now he projects
How mee
To free;
But all th' effects
I, enflame their fury, double their out-cries.

Yet in their anger so much wit they have
As to compound
Something to calme
Poor *Pilates* Conscience, why, they've found
Some *simples* soveraign as balm;
Oh! 'twas good satisfaction that they gave.
Thou art not Cæsars friend: if this man go.
Now take your Christ,
Fulfill
Your will,

Do what you liſt
With him, Jews, ſo I ſentence, and ſo do.

Thus he and I ſwim down one ſtream this day.
Yet the poor man
Found want of water,
Call'd for a Baſin, and began
To waſh him from this bloody matter,
Which nothing can but what he gave away.
Truly his waſhing clears not him, but me:
He doth proclaim,
That I
Now dye
A ſpotleſs Lamb:
Then, wretch, what Ocean can compurgate thee?

Pilate upon us and our children fling
Thou this mans blood:
We Jews, thus wiſh.
Is this your ſo much long'd for food,
To you of all the forbidden diſh?
Pilate then cryes, ye Jews behold your King.
We have no King but *Ceſar*, they reply.
Sirs, you forget
Whoſe hour
Of power
This is as yet.
Satan's your *Ceſar* more then he or I.

Satan, not *Ceſar*, had you plot my fall;
That Prince of Hell,
Philiſtia's King
Plows with mine heifer, *Iſrael*:
Thus to mine end, mine own me bring.
Yet *Sampſons* death's *Philiſtia*'s Funeral.
The Purple Robe then ſtrip they from my back;

Which plainly ſhews
It's worn
And born
For ſinners uſe,
That of my Righteouſneſs they might partake.

Thus is the Truth ſtript naked: And agen
My ſeamleſs coat
They make me weare
Unto mine execution plot,
That by my ſweet attonement there
I might an Union weave 'twixt God and Men.
Thence to the place of Sculs, Lo! I their Head
The tree accurſt,
Before
It bore
Me, bear it firſt;
Till I, by bearing it, am almoſt dead.

Thus mine may learn in me, what burthen he
Muſt daily beare,
Taking his croſs,
That in my wayes will perſevere,
Reck'ning death gain, counting life loſs:
Who ſtumbles at my croſs, can't follow me,
Now are my groanes new pickled in friends tears,
They'd ſteal, I ſpie,
This tree
From mee,
By Sympathy;
Which by conſtraint *Simon* of *Cyrene* bears,

But weep not, Daughters of *Jeruſalem*!
For me at all
But for your City:
Alas! who can prevent thy fall,

Who

Who ſhew'ſt thy builder no more pity?
If they do thus to th' green tree, wo to them!
Thus under *Pilates* ſentence, and command
O'th' *Roman* State,
That all
May fall
On *Romes* proud Pate;
I'th' place of Crucifixion, lo! I ſtand.

Rome! thou'rt that *Sodom*, *Ægypt*, *Babylon*,
Though Myſticall;
Drunken with blood
Of all my Martyrs, mine withall
Now mingling with thy *Tybers* flood.
Rome's ſtored with croſſes and now lends me one!
Not *Jabbathah* but *Golgotha*'s the ſtage
The Camp without;
Where I
Muſt dye
'Mongſt all the rout,
Taſting at once both *Hells* and *Heavens* Rage.

Why I am the great Sacrifice for ſin,
And therefore muſt
Without the gate
Unto the Earth commend my duſt,
Whilſt my dear blood doth expiate
From all tranſgreſſions that thoſe are within.
Behold, my dear Diſciple, my dear Mother!
Her I bequeath
To thee,
To bee
After my death
Provided for as by her Son, my Brother.

Now ſee your Brazen Serpent liſt on high,
Upon

Upon the pole!
My bloody croſs
Bears fruit to quit what *Adam* ſtole:
Juſtice, I find may n't go by th' loſs,
Yet grace ſhall reign by righteouſneſs, hereby.
Oh! how I'm ſtretcht and tortur'd on this tree!
Oh! how each vein,
And nerve
Doth ſerve
A ſev'ral pain!
'Twas man grew looſe, and I muſt ſtraitned bee.

Oh! how thoſe hands, I ſtretcht forth all the day,
To *Iſrael*,
Are ſtretcht again?
That as my Patience did excell,
So now I might exceed in pain;
Whilſt ſinners to mine heart find open way.
Oh! how my feet, that nere took ſtep awry,
Are pierced through!
Made faſt
In haſt
My croſs unto
Till the tranſgreſſors may find time to flie.

I am the *doore*, they naile me to the tree:
And, as is fit,
Over this gate
A royal *ſuperſcription* writ
That in *all tongues* might preach my ſtate.
Oh! all ye that paſs by, turn in by me.
To th' croſs I'm hing'd in mine humanity,
That from the floor
Even each
Might reach
That living doore

Whoſe

Who ſe upper hinge claſps in with th'Deity.

Romans, and *Greeks*, and *Hebrews* come and look;
Theſe open Arms
Shew th'open way,
How by mine, you may eaſe your harms;
And may become one fold this day;
I am the Shepheard, and my croſs the crook.
I am the ſhepheard, and my crook, the croſs;
Whereby *I* gather
And keep
My ſheep,
And thine, O Father!
I'll ſuffer death, ere thou ſhalt ſuffer loſs.

Living, my bread of life among my Jews
I ever brake,
For 'twas their right;
Who whilſt they ſpread theſe arms, do make
A feaſt for Gentiles through their ſpight;
That, dying, I might none, that come, refuſe.
Come unto me all ye that laden be
With ſin and wrath;
Come ye
To me;
O come in faith.
I'll bear your burdens whilſt my croſs bears me.

Mine hands are not ſo nail'd, but that I can
Ev'n with theſe nailes
Still pick the lock
Hung on your heel, if your key fails:
But whilſt I preach, alas! they mock.
If thou be *th' Chriſt*, be thine own *Jeſus* man.
Why Jews remember what your high Prieſt taught,
How needful 'twas

That

That I
Should dye,
That th' cup might paſs
My people, whilſt I drink their bloody draught.

But, Oh *Jeruſalem!* canſt laugh at mee?
And at my griefs?
As thou didſt know
My preſſures to be thy reliefs;
Repent, believe; and be it ſo.
But laugh not at me who h've wept over thee,
And yet weep blood, for this thy ſtupid ſtate.
Father, I pray
Reprieve,
Forgive
Theſe foes, for they
Alas! my God, they do they know not what.

They curſe, I bleſs: I pray whilſt they revile.
Whilſt Prieſts do ſcoff
And ſore diſdain
The Sacrifice that comes not off
Th' Altar, but ſuffers to be ſlain,
My blood makes interceſſion all the while.
Who'd raſe, then raiſe, the Temple (this is he)
In three dayes ſpace;
Yet hee,
We ſee,
Can't quit this place
Where all the nails that hold him, are but three.

Yet mock not, paſſenger; wag not thine head
In ſo much ſcorne,
When thou thinkſt leaſt,
When I this bitter death have borne,
To earneſt I'll ſoon turn thy jeſt;

And

And raiſe this Temple ere't be three dayes dead,
Come down ſay ſome, and ſo convince thy foes:
Which if I ſhou'd
How ſore
A ſtore
Of wrath, and blood,
Would come down too? Sirs, I bear off your blows.

With the tranſgreſſours numbered am I:
On either ſide,
Truth bee'ng between,
Falſhood and theft hang crucified;
Yet if Heav'n Rolls theſe men had ſeen
They'd found me in another Trinity.
But, oh my grief! not onely mine own Nation,
But thoſe, that be
Juſtly
To dye,
Firſt ſcoff at me;
Their partner not in crimes, but condemnation.

Yet can I not forget my dear Compaſſions:
Though both reproach
And ſtout at me,
My blood for ſinners ſince I broach,
I will not ſuffer both to be
At once partakers of two condemnations;
Th' one I call home though in th' eleventh hour;
And thereby ſhew
How kind
A mind
I bear to you
That turn, though late, to me your Saviour.

But oh his rare Converſion! oh how he
Juſtifies God!

Rebukes

Rebukes his mate!
Open his ſin! kiſſeth his rod!
Takes me for Lord, beſeeching that
In my Salvation he might ſharer be.
Thus on my Croſs I work a new Creation:
Looſing the bands
Of ſin
Within
From th' ſinners hands.
My bitter ſacrifice brings ſweet ſalvation.

Thus I give life to others, yet I dye;
I heal their wounds,
And break their bands;
Yet anguiſh mine own ſoul confounds
More then theſe nails do pierce mine hands.
My God! why doſt thou me forſake? Oh! why?
They rend my garments, caſt lots for my coat,
Whilſt I hang here
Shame doth
Me cloath,
Elſe nak'd I were,
Yonder's thy *Joſephs* coat, Lord doſt not know't?

The ſeamleſs veſture of thy ſinleſs child,
How bloody is't?
My God! my God!
Yet not ſo bloody as thy Chriſt
Is all within by thy ſharp rod.
O be not fierce to me, for I am mild,
See, how I'm nail'd to this moſt bitter tree!
How I'm accurſt!
How gall
Is all
My drink in thirſt!
And wilt thou ſo, my God, my God! leave me?

See,

See, how men turn my glory into shame!
Mocking my faith
And confidence;
Some say he for *Elias* pray'th:
But, Lord thou know'st my mind and sense.
They flout, they sneere, whilst I call on thy name,
Yet save me, for I'm thine: thine handmaids son
Made of this woman:
Thy shade
This maid,
When known by no man,
Impowr'd to bring forth me thine holy one

Father! I'm th' only Fatherless on earth:
All others have
Fathers, or had:
O pitty, pitty, Lord! and save
Thy Fatherless, support the sad.
Oh! leave me not in death, who gav'st me birth.
My God! my God! why dost thou me forsake?
Who never thee
Forsook,
Or took
One sin to mee,
Except the sins that thou didst bid me take.

They fill the spunge with vinegar, but thou
My soul dost fill
With sharper grief.
Oh! sinner here's a bitter pill,
Yet for thy sickness sweet releif.
My God! my God! O do not leave me now!
How darkness vailes the land! yet clouds do hover
Darker by far:
Thy wrath,
Lord, hath

Eclyps'd

Eclyps'd thy ſtar,
Whilſt from thy darling thou thy face doſt cover.

How both Suns ſuffer while thy Son lies under
Thy fierce diſpleaſure!
Th' Sun bears a part
But mine eclypſe it cannot meaſure.
Lord, thy ſore frowns do teare my heart
More then the Temples vaile, that's rent aſunder.
Now come thy breaches and thy darkneſs on,
O Jewiſh Land!
For thou
Haſt now
Both rid thine hand
Of thy bright light, and of thy Corner-ſtone.

Father, the earth's all ague, and I more.
Ev'n rocks are rent,
My ſoul's more torne:
Yet flinty Jews do n't once relent.
My God: leave not mine hope forlorne.
I hav' done. Lord, open th' everlaſting Doore.
Father, into thine hands I give my Spirit,
And utmoſt breath;
Whilſt I
Thus dye;
And, with me, death:
That my dear ſeed henceforth may life inherit.

Then Chriſt, in ſweet ſubmiſſion, *bowes his head*
To all Gods pleaſure:
I think on't ſtill:
Lord make the bowing heart my treaſure
An heart to bow to all thy will;
That dying I may ſay, *all's finiſhed.*
This done, my Saviour quickly ſhews his force:

Graves

Graves open flie;
They ſhake
And quake
That ſee him die:
The rude Centurion's ſtruck with ſtrange remorſe.

Thus Chriſt lets looſe his priſ'ners, captivates
His ſcornful foes;
They knock their breaſt,
Confeſſing whom they did oppoſe
To be Gods *SON*, now not in jeſt.
Thus *Samſon's* death brake the Philiſtians pates;
Then with a ſpear his ſide a Souldier ſtrikes:
Cleaving the Rock
That may
Each day
Water that Flock,
Whoſe Shepheard is now paſt all puſh of pikes.

This is the fountain op'ned for thy ſin,
Jeruſalem!
Thy *filth*, thy *guilt*;
Here is for each a proper ſtream,
Water and *Blood*: Let none be ſpilt:
O quench thy guilt, and cleanſe thy filth herein.
Ifra'l thy Paſchall Lamb, thy Chriſt is dead,
That Lamb from Heav'n:
Have care,
Prepare,
Purge out thy Leaven:
Mingle no more thy malice with thy bread.

Or if the Jewiſh lump won't leave their leaven
Make me leave mine:
I have in me
(Lord, nail it to this Croſs of thine)

An evil heart of enmity.
Lord, kill this enmity 'twixt Earth and Heaven.
Be thou my fort, and hiding-place, my ſoul
Would lodge in thee:
My Lord
Afford
One cleft for mee.
Thy walls are ſhatt'red, yet thou'rt timber-whole.

Satan and ſin I h've ſeen, i'th' Tragick ſtory,
Shoot through and through
Thy bleſſed heart:
Yet not one bone was broken, though
Mount *Sinai*'s cannons plaid their part.
In this rock hide me, till I h've ſeen thy Glory.
Shall not Chriſt Crucified far dearer be
To me then Pelf,
Then name
Or fame
Or life it ſelf?
'Twas thus with *Joſeph*, why not thus with me?

The Souldiers having broke the others legs,
But not my Lords:
Joſeph, a man
Rich in the goods this world affords,
But more in faith, moſt boldly ran
To *Pilate*, and Chriſts lifeleſs body beggs.
Then in clean linnen wraps that ſkin and bones,
That martyr'd treaſure:
And why
Can't I
Take as much pleaſure
To cloath thy members, Lord, thy naked ones?
Jews, now your king's come down; Sirs do you ſee (him?
Your

Your Temple lies
Flat by the ground:
Will you believe when't doth arise?
Catching your Christ at his rebound?
Why if his own won't have him, Lord! give me him.
Christ having now giv'n death his deadly wound,
Follows him home:
Invades
Deaths shades,
Enters a tombe,
To see what spoils may in a grave be found.

Great Conquerour, who hast kill'd death i'th' duel,
After this art
Lodg'd in a stone?
Rather take up in my poor heart
How hard soever, or how none.
Oh! that I were thy Cabinet, dear jewel!
But *Josephs* rock was pure, that grave was new:
First in a womb,
Which none
Had known;
Then in a tombe
Where none had lain, my Lord lodg'd; this doth shew,

I must be *clean* and *new* first. Yet thy passion
And stream of blood,
What did it mean,
That Purple yet a Christal flood?
Was't not the making of me clean?
Doth not ~~not~~ thy rising mean my renovation?
Then make and take for such this heart of mine
And dwell in it;
This breast
Is best
That I can get,

Had I a better, Lord, it should be thine.

Surely the King of terrour I could brave,
If my Lord would
This Sepulcher,
This heart, as his own quarters hold;
I would nor goale nor goaler fear.
O how my Saviours Corps perfume the grave!
Lord, make this heart of mine a living one
Through thy deaths merit
Convey
I pray
To me thy spirit,
Who thy dead flesh didst Coffin in dead stone.

With th' *Arimathean* Counsellour combin'd
A learned Rabbi
To shew Christ kindness;
An *Israelitish* Doctor: may be
Some wiser man will blame my blindness,
And Antichrist in *Law* and *Learning* find.
But may my soul with blessed *Joseph* dwell
And *Nicodem*:
Yet, down
With th' Gown,
Cry some of them
Who scarce I doubt from these can bear the Bell.

A spicie mixture, 'bout an hundred pounds,
Who came by night
To Jesus brings
T' embalme his Lord, that gave him light,
With Aromatick precious things:
Yet not one half so precious as those wounds.
Now Jesus (*Jonah* like) Heav'ns sealed one,
Enters the deep:

But

But ſhall
The Whale,
The grave, him keep?
See, Souldiers watch, and *Pilate* ſeals the ſtone.

As *Daniel*'s ſeal'd when caſt into the Den,
Malicious Jewes
Require a ſeale,
And watch, which *Pilate* won't refuſe,
Leſt ſome the Coffin'd Corps ſhould ſteale.
They'l keep the Sun from riſing; Crafty men!
Lo! in a Garden ſtood the ſealed Tomb.
Adam the firſt
Hav'ng bin
For ſin
I'th' Garden curſt
To th' Grave. My Saviour thus fulfills the doom.

Then dawns that bleſſed light that ever ſince
Makes one day ſhine
More then ſix other;
For ſhould ſix week-day lights combine,
One Lords-day brightneſs would them ſmother
With thee, *Thy Day*, Lord, *riſeth* and proves Prince.
That Day is now obſcur'd wherein Chriſt ſlept;
That Day's made bright
In which
That rich
And orient light
Quit that blind priſon where he had been kept.

Surely that day's the whole weeks *Jubile*
(That day's the beſt
Which my dear Lord
By ceaſing from his labour bleſt,
Labour that coſt more then a word)

Wherein redemption set the ransom'd *free*.
This first day finds more than the seventh day lost
Can superadd
And raise
More praise
Then th' other had:
So th' old Commandment is fullfill'd, not croſt;

That bids me celebrate what day of heaven
God hath moſt bleſt;
And *HIS*, doth call:
Such *WAS* the Jewiſh, is our reſt.
We ſowr'd Gods firſt works by our fall,
Till Chriſts laſt Paſſover purg'd out the leaven
Was not Chriſts Burial part of's Humiliation?
His day of reſt
From that
Dark ſtate
Shal't not be bleſt?
Shall I leſs prize a new then old Creation?

Redemption is a making old things new.
Rouze Chriſtians then:
Though dead before,
Let *Lords dayes* find you living men:
That with your Chriſt can riſe and ſoare.
And for the Chriſtian, quit thy Sabbath, Jew.
The firſt in ſin runs firſt to th' Sepulcher
Poor woman-kind;
But Chriſt
Is miſt;
Oh! they can't find
Their Lord; though two of his Life-guard appear,

The two bright pointers of that bleſſed Star
His countenance,

Who

Who h'd roll'd the ſtone,
Strikes keepers hearts, at's firſt advance,
As dead as what he ſate upon.
Thieves were, now Angels Chriſts attendants are.
Say th' women, who ſhall roll the ſtone away?
'Twas done before.
Thus may,
I pray,
I find my ſcore
Quit to mine hand, when I cry who ſhall pay?

Surely my ſurety did my debt diſcharge:
Lord, elſe why ſhould
Thine Angel be
Sent down t' unlock that priſon-hold
Wherein my Saviour lay for me?
My ſurety's free, why may n't I walk at large?
They would with Oyntments, Odours, precious (things
Perfume his Priſon;
But th' dead
Was fled;
Their *Sun* was *riſen*
With ſweeter balme, with *healing in his wings.*

Mary the ſinner, *Mary Magdalen*
Marcheth ith' van
To th' Sepulcher,
But th' ſtone's remov'd, and ſo's the man;
She miſſing her dear Saviour there,
To *John* and *Peter* runs and comes agen.
Theſe run a race, the wager's precious truth.
But *John* out-ran:
Alas
He was
The younger man.
Happy the man runs after Chriſt in youth,

Peter, ſucceſſour to his Maſters Croſs,
Whileſt *John* keeps out
Enters Chriſts Tombe;
Looks for his Chriſt but finds a clout,
And winding-ſheet in Saviours Room:
But Chriſt is gone. O bleſſed, gainful loſs!
Mary th' old weeper ſtands without and cryes:
But ſtooping down,
Spies here
And there
The Grave cloaths thrown,
Which linnens ſcarce can ſerve to wipe her eyes:

She is ſtill anxious, turns her round, and lo
There th' Gard'ner ſtood,
As ſhee conceiv'd,
Ev'n he that waters with his blood
Each plant of his. Thus Chriſt's receiv'd
By the true ſeeker oft when't thinks not ſo.
Sir, if thou have borne him hence (and 'twas well
Tell me, ſaith ſhee: (gueſt)
Mary!
Lo I
Ev'n I am he.
Ah! my dear Lord, that word revives my heart.

Yet touch me not, ſaith he, I'm not aſcended:
But go thou rather
And tell abroad
Unto my Brethren, to my Father
And yours I go, mine and your God.
So richly is the pooreſt Saint befriended!
How ſtudious is my Lord that they ſhould know,
And ſo partake
Of this
His Bliſs

That

That did forsake
Him in his captive state and sufferings so.

Surely these men that fled then from their colours,
Might have expected
Another kind
Of message should have been directed
From their now rising Lord: but find
Their sins in his Grave buri'd with his dolours.
No word of th' old uncomfortable story.
But say I'm risen:
Let tears
And fears
Take up my prison.
Run tell my Brethren thou hast seen my Glory.

Also the *Angel* cryes, be not afraid:
Jesus you'd have;
I know it well;
But think you *David* in a Cave,
Or *Davids* Son must ever dwell:
Come see the place where your dear Lord was laid.
Woman, your Lord's not here; your Lord is risen
Have you forgot
Your Lords
Own words?
Or have you not?
Seek you the Prince of life in this dead prison?

Run, tell the rest, and *Peter*, Christ is gone
Fow'rds *Galilee*,
As he did say.
With joy and fear away they flee
All dapled like the time of day.
And as they march, behold! they see the *SON*.
O may my Lord thus evermore appear,

And

And shine upon
Poor me,
When he
Saith, get thee gone,
And unto others, of me, tidings bear.

Oh blessed meeting! Courtship, and devotion!
All Haile! saith he;
They bow t' his feet;
Light that forbids us courteous be
Was then so dark Christ could not see't.
That master taught his schollars no such notion.
Men, 'tis observ'd the rising sun adore;
Christ's risen now;
And bright
Day light
Beames from his brow;
Shall not all worship the Son of God much more?

The watch mean while bring news of all that's done.
To th' Priests within,
Ev'n that Christ's risen;
Who seeing him past reach, begin
To plot how they this truth m' imprison.
Christs second Grave-stone is a silver one.
What potent pranks can mighty Mammon shew!
Powerfull pelf
In'ts facts
Out acts
Ev'n pow'r it self:
Money can make truth falsehood, falsehood true.

Money betrai'd my Lord to all these wrongs;
Now they're devising
To keep on foot
Something to cloud this bright Suns-rising;

And

And 'tis large money that muſt do't.
This ſilver key muſt turn the ſouldiers tongues.
Souldiers are taught a ſotry tale to tell;
Which ſhould methinks
Neve ſlip
Their lip;
But that which chinks
So ſweetly, can make all ſound pretty well.

Say, *Whilſt we keepers ſlept at th' Sepulcher,*
's Diſciples came
And ſtole him thence;
Which if the Governour ſhall blame
We'll mediate and make your defence.
Now hear O Heavens! and O Earth! give ear.
Can'ſt thus, O *Iſr'el*, fool away thy Glory?
Is ſuch a wiſe
Fable
Able
To blind thine eyes?
Is this th' authentick, yet received ſtory?

Why, ſouldiers, if you ſlept at th' Sepulcher
Whilſt that vaſt ſtone
Was rolling back
(Which may a Jew believe, or none)
And ſome by ſtealth the corps did take:
I marvel you could ſee what men they were.
Or if you ſaw the thieves, why did you not
Stop or purſue?
So ſhort
Report
Want ſo much glue?
See how the laſt words have the firſt forgot.

But oh fond Prieſts and Elders whence is it

That

That you can stroak
These souldiers pate ?
Sure such neglect would you provoke
Of all Yet you're their advocates.
Alas! how fury doth befoole their wits!
Mean while Disciples were so far from thieving,
That, when this newes
They brought
That saw't,
Yet, they refuse
To take't for truth, being so far from believing.

As two of them were to *Emaus* going
Their busie tongue
Bee'ng well imploy'd,
My dearest Lord stands them among:
No sooner talk't of, then enjoy'd.
Happy the Servants whom he finds so doing.
What is your talk that makes your walk so sad?
Saith *Cleopas*,
Dost thou
Not know
These things? Alas!
A mighty man and Prophet we have had;

Mighty in word and deed with God and Men:
Jesus was he
Of *Nazareth*
We'd hop'd might our Redeemer be:
But him our Rulers put to death
This bee'ng the third day since. And yet agen
We know not what to think on't, hurried
'Twixt hope and fear;
For some,
That come
From th' Sepulcher,

Assure

Assure us that he's risen from the Dead.

But oh this evil heart of unbelief!
This want of faith
That can provoke
The gentle Lamb of God to wrath,
Setting in ev'ry wheel a spoke,
Clouding the rising Sun with gloomy grief!
O fooles, and slow of heart, replies my Lord,
Slow to believe me!
But oh
Not so
Not slow to grieve me,
Ought not your Christ fulfill the written Word?

But Christ can't alwayes hold his chiding story:
Sugars his cheeks
With sweet instructions;
Moses his vaile in pieces breaks;
Proves by Prophetick fair deductions, (Glory.
Through Seas of Sufferings Christ must land in
My Lord then makes as he would further go:
But they begin
To pray
Him stay,
And he turns in:
Happy, who love their close reprovers so.

This bread of life thus broken when he had,
He breaks more bread
And makes them eat;
Their Lord's their Shepheard, they're well fed,
Body and Soul, with blessed meat.
My soul, seek Christ first: and those things he'll add.
Just now my Lord makes them see who he is,
Then slips away,

And,

And, oh!
'Twas so
With me last day,
One moment op'ned and seal'd up like bliss.

When Christ was gone, say they we might have
What light 'twas brought (guest
So bright a day
To darkest Scriptures; might have thought
The *risen Sun* was in our way
Finding our hearts so *burn* within our breast.
Then they return back to *Jerusalem*
Brimfull of joy
To feast
The rest;
But they are coy
Till Christ Himself stands in the midst of them.

And 'tis so still. Whoever's sent about
To tell thy glory,
Hardness of hearts
And unbelief blinds all thy glory:
Lord, who believes? Lord, who converts?
Till thy dear presence puts all out of doubt.
Their doors bee'ng shut, and hearts much more,
My Lord to put (that even
All out
Of doubt;
(None else can do't)
This newes imparts in person to th' eleven.

Yet oh how hard a thing is this believing?
A sprite appears
As they suppose;
The same that in their storms of fears
Walk't on the Seas when winds arose.

Phan.

Phant'sies fools bolt, how't hinders truths receiving.
Jesus salutes them with a peace be to you
Once and agen;
'Tis I;
Sirs, why
Distrust you then?
Why do you let such thoughts arise, why do you?

Down doubtings; I'm got up: And ready have
(Sirs, come and see
And feel, I pray)
A Tombe, dead unbelief, for thee
Dig'd in my side but t'other day,
And for your doubtings, in each hand a grave.
If these suffice not, handle, feel my feet
There are two more.
Doubt not,
Believe
All as before:
Rather then miss their faith their sense he'll meet.

Then for the further feeding of their faith
He calls for food;
They give him fish,
And Honey-Comb: but, oh! his bloods more
And body is a sweeter dish:
Then, breathing, take the Holy Ghost, he saith.
Now doth the frost-nipt tree of life recover
Puts forth again
New springs,
And hopes
Fruits that remain
Spirit and Life, so prove's Deaths Winter's over

Thomas mean while bee'ng absent from the rest
Freezing from th' fire,

Like

(Like them that miſs.
Th' aſſemblies Chriſt is wont t' inſpire
With ſweet aſſurance, joy and bliſs)
Can't feed his faith with hear-ſay of a feaſt:
He muſt firſt hold a Cognoſers inqueſt;
Muſt ſee Chriſts ayles,
And muſt
Firſt thruſt
I'th' print of o'th' nailes
His fingers; e'ee this faith enter his breaſt.

His faith muſt go on ſtilts, or not at all;
See with the eye,
Feel with the hand,
His faith muſt in his fingers lye,
His faith muſt in his feeling ſtand,
At th' bound from ſorry ſenſe he'll catch the ball.
Th' week after he and they be'ng all together
With bleſſed greeting
(Increaſe
Of peace)
Chriſt Crowns their meeting.
Thomas, ſaith he, come reach thy finger hither.

As men are wont who've Children to be taught
My Lord was fain,
(Though ev'ry letter
In's hands and feet were printed plain)
With's finger teach him ſpell the better,
The Child to faith by ſealing muſt be brought.
My Lord! and my God! (how this ſight relieves
Poor *Thomas* cries. (me!)
Chriſt ſaith,
Thy faith
May thank thine eyes;
Bleſſed is he who ſees not, yet believes me.

Diſciples,

Disciples after this, a fishing go;
But nothing's caught,
Throughout the night;
Till Jesus comes, and brings a draught;
Lord shew me so which side's the right,
When to catch souls thy Gospel net I throw.
Christ look't into their cup-board just before;
Children, have ye
Got meate
To eate?
Else come to me;
I've food and firing for you on the shore.

Hence sinfull cares; infest my soul no longer,
Base diffidence;
Doubtings retreat;
Soul mind thy Saviours providence;
Do thine own work, and he'll find meat,
Or give thee something's better if thou hunger.
Dinner bee'ng done, Christ speaks of working then;
And so should we;
Our whet,
Not let
Our food should be.
Shepherds Christ feeds, to feed his sheep agen.

Shepherds who love to eat but not to feed
Are what they're not,
Not what they are;
(A Paradox, and Gordian knot,
Which Christ will cut, and will not spare)
Shepheards in name, but rav'ning wolves indeed.
Peter, dost love me more then these? I'll prove thee.
Then feed and keep
My flock;
My stock

Of Lambs and Sheep.
All-knowing Lord, saith he, thou know'ſt I love thee

Peter, when thou waſt young, then thou waſt free
To come and go
As thou'dſt a mind,
Girding thy ſelf : 'e ſhall not be ſo
When thou art old, others ſhall bind,
And gird, and carry thee. Man! follow me.
Peter replies, and what muſt this man do?
What's that to thee?
Follow
Me thou.
How buſie wee
Are to mind others works, our own not ſo.

In an appointed mountin *Galilee*,
Chriſt meets th' eleven :
Chargeth them there,
By all his pow'r in Earth and Heav'n,
To preach the Goſpel ev'ry where ;
Baptizing in the name of One and Three.
And in ſo doing, ſaith, I'm with you ſtill.
He ſhews Hells loſs :
Deaths gate,
Sins ſtate
Spoil'd by his Croſs.
Now is our *Sampſon* got on *Gaza*'s hill.

To prove my new bought right to ev'ry Nation,
New tongues I give
Unto you : Though
You drink what's deadly, you ſhall live :
Serpents and ſickneſſes ſhall know
And Devils too, that I have wrought Salvation.
As many years as *Iſra'l* juſt had been,

Chri

Christ, dayes doth spend
'Twixt the
Red Sea
Of's bloudy end,
And Heav'nly *Canaan*: forty dayes he's seen.

Mean while Christ Summons others from the dead
To evidence
His Resurrection:
From types, from texts, from faith, from sense,
Of proofs how full, how fair collection.
Shew'ng Christ is Risen as the Churches head.
Now, O devourer! where's thy victory?
Out of the grave
That old
Strong hold
And eating Cave
Comes meat and sweetness; which who tasts can't (die:
Ev'n Christ comes thence. And now in *Olivet*
Where he laid down
In part of pay
For th' purchase of his new bought crown,
His bloody sweat: ev'n there this day
To see's Inthronization Saints are met:
Wilt thou restore the kingdome, Lord, they cry,
To *Isr'el* yet?
For you
To know
Times is not fit:
I'll send my spirit! that's my Lords reply.

O what an eager foolish thing is man!
Busie to know
What least concerns him!
But to take forth, alas! how slow

The lessons that my God would learn him.
A sieve that lets go th' flow'r, but holds the bran.
Melchisedeck mean time, our Priest for ever,
With lift up hands
On his
All bliss
And grace commands;
Whom clouds receiving from their sight do sever.

But not from th' eye of faith, which fixedly
Pursues their king;
Till Angels do
Tidings of's second coming, bring,
In such sort as they'd seen him go.
Chear up, my drooping heart, thine head's on high
Yet not so high, but that his heart's as low
As still to mind
Poor thee
Till hee
Hath made thee find
What for thy gain he sometime did forego.

Now's the forerunner ent'red in for thee;
Thy Lord's ascended;
Up and away;
When Christ first rose; this flight he 'ntended:
And art thou quickned here to stay?
May all my life but one *Ascension* bee.
But I'm all fits and starts, and cannot get
Hold of mine own;
But clouds
Prove shrouds;
And all seems gone;
Sometimes I *rise* with Christ, but cannot *sit*.

Yet am I fixt, whilst Saviour sits in Heaven;
There are no hills An

And dales on high;
My Swampes my Saviours merit fills,
That all might in a level lie,
Making my state, though not my comfort even.
Why art thou then, my soul, disquieted?
Christ dwelt in dust
As thou
Dost now;
Shall I not trust
Him, that drank of my brook, to lift mine head?

Is this the Butler that bore *Pharaohs* cup?
Though he forgot
Joseph i'th' Prison,
When rais'd himself, thy Lord will not
Reckon that hee's compleatly risen,
Till all his foes are down, and friends got up.
Down then, thou evil heart of unbelief!
Thou art a foe,
To mee
I see,
To him I know;
A goale would fit thee well, for thou'rt a thief.

Thou pick'st my comforts, and thou steal'st his praise,
His and my loss
We lay to thee;
Betwixt two thieves Christ left one Gross
Void, that there hanged thou mightst bee.
Th' arch-thief of all that rob on Gods highwayes.
Now as Mount *Olivet* for *Sion* Mount
Thou didst forgo
Teach mee
Like thee,
Sweet Saviour, so
Heav'ns joyes before earths fatness to account.

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Teach mee
Like thee,
Sweet Saviour, so
Heav'ns joyes before earths fatness to account.

I determined not to know any thing save Jesus Christ, and him Crucified, 1 Cor. 2. 2.

SPIRIT.

MY Verse proceeds to him that by proceeding
Subsisteth in the Deity;
But can't proceed without his speeding:
This Dove doth teach all other birds to fly.

My callow muse hath pinions but no wings,
Pinions indeed of ignorance;
Yet th' Dove that hatcheth other things
Can fledge mine infant muse with utterance.

But th'ther day I saw a Lamb take wing
And flie to Heaven from an hill:
I watcht to see if any thing
Would fall from him in flight, and found a quill,

Of which I made a pen, and fell to write
The story; writing, found a Verse;
Whilst on mine hand a Dove did light,
And bad me with the Lamb the Dove rehearse.

My Master from mine head but th'ther day
The Clouds did take: unkind? or kind?
For whilst my Master went away
His Mantle dropt, which whoso seeks may find.

I seek it: Blessed Spirit! Come and spread
Thy beaming wings and cover me

In

In thy bright light thy Poet lead
That in thy light would fain discover thee.

'Tis only Sun-shine that can shew the Sun,
Alas! my Lord, my spirits flesh:
Dark lanthorn light is next to none;
My Frost-nipt blooms what Sun-beams can refresh?

Since then my carnal mind can never shew
Or who, or what, dear Dove! thou art:
The spirit of my mind renew
And it shall reimburse what thou'lt impart.

Father and Son are God, and God's a Spirit,
And yet Gods Spirit neither is
Father nor Son; yet doth inherit
With both an equall yet distinguish'd bliss.

Father and Son are God, and God is love,
Yet neither Father nor the Son
But their sweet spirit's the sweet Dove:
Each hath his Spirit, yet they both but one.

By this eternal Spirit Christ the word
Offers himself to God and dies:
Yet by his Spirit doth afford
Of life unto dead sinners all supplies.

This Spirit's infinite: oh! who can flee
His presence and all-searching sight?
Yet he's a wind, which who can see
From whence it comes, or whither it takes flight?

This Spirit's infinite; dwells every where,
Fathoms all hearts, founds ev'ry deep:
Yet how few Temples, Lord! are there

Wherein this holy Ghost doth house or keep?

This active Spirit moves in ev'ry wheel,
Works as he will; doth what he lists.
Mans heart's that only brass and steel
That the sweet Spirits motions resists.

This pow'rful Spirit did the Heavens garnish
And doth renew earths with'red face:
When winter washeth off the varnish
And makes a verdant spring in ev'ry place.

And why not in my soul? awake and blow
O North wind, and thou South wind come,
Let all my sweets and spices flow,
That he that owns my garden, may have some.

Where the Lords spirit is, there's liberty:
Yet a grim Sergeant one day came,
And neck and heels my soul did tie,
Saying, he did it in the Spirits name.

He did his Office, and would not be brib'd;
But as his warrant shew'd a writing;
Spirit of bondage, there subscrib'd
I spied; and found 'twas of his own inditing.

My heart before had been a bird of prey
But now bee'ng conquer'd by a Dove,
I think on't, still how't sprangling lay
Crying for quarter to that bird of love.

I markt his bill, but saw no Olive branch;
Peace I implor'd, but he deni'd;
What blood he drew, refus'd to stanch
Till I submitted to be mortified.

Deare

Dear Dove, said I, convince me, pierce me, grieve me:
Strike through and through this wretched heart,
So that thou'lt but at length relieve me
And with thy gentle wings but stroke my smart.

Dear heart, said he, I struck thee for to stroke thee,
Put thee in bonds to set thee free;
That I might better heal, I broke thee;
I'm sent to comfort by convincing thee.

Though I'm all light and peace, yet I did send thee
To a dark prison, holding over
My black rod, but it was to mend thee;
For friends do Fools and Phranticks thus recover.

Remember, man, thy wild and *Bethlem* tricks;
How oft I strove with thee in vain;
Thine heel could kick against my pricks;
Sure 'twas high time to get thee in a chain.

Thou, and *Manasseh*, stood in much more need
Of iron chains, then chains of Gold.
Distracted folk must purge and bleed,
And in their moneths be caught and kept in hold.

O blessed bonds! said I, O happy trouble!
O bitter sweet, sweet-bitter smart!
My pain was great, my profit double,
Whilst thus thou undertak'st to tame mine heart.

Void, Chymicks! spill your Spirits! quit your art!
Cease from your oft sought, unsound stone;
There's but one Spirit can convert
An iron chain into a golden one.

Dear Dove, thy pris'ner may I ever be!

Bondage is like to be my ſtate,
If to my ſelf thou leave me free.
He's only free whom thou doſt captivate.

Where the Lords Spirit is, there's liberty;
No man can ſay, Jeſus is Lord
But by the Holy Ghoſt, or cry
Abba, till that ſweet Spirit teach that word.

I was a liſper, and a ſtamerer
And could not ſkill o'th' *Sibboleth*
That might my pray'r to God indear
Till this free Spirit gave new ſpeech and breath.

I was a beggar ſo extreamly poor
I ſkill'd not how to make my moanes;
But this Dove met me at Gods door.
Supply'ng my want of words with ſtore of groanes.

I was in ſuit, and could not well make good
My Title; But ſaid this free Spirit,
Soul, take this ſeal, the ſeal of blood;
I am thy witneſs, and thou ſhalt inherit.

I found a riddle whilſt I ſought a Text,
But this free Spirit loos'd the knot:
Which when I h'd read, yet what was next
Had not this Spirit prompted I'd forgot.

My barren grounds were chapt for want of rain
Gaſping tow'rds Heaven for a flood;
This Spirit flowing in amain,
Told me that he had brought me that's as good.

I ſearcht mine heart, found ſo much droſs and tin
So little elſe, I fell a mourning

Both

Both for my groſs and ſplendid ſin;
Then he to me the ſpirit was of burning.

I fell a burning when my God did chide me;
Water, ſaid I, or I'm undone;
This ſtreaming Spirit ſtreight ſupplid me
Till all thoſe ſcorching flames were quencht & gone.

I fell a chilling till my heart grew ſtone:
Scarce had I left one warm deſire;
My frozen heart was next to none;
Then ſaid this Holy Spirit I am fire.

I fell a melting when I felt his heat;
My ſoul was broached at mine eyes
The ice was thawn to tears and ſweat
Which with freſh gales this Spirit gently dries.

Theſe ſentinels thus dri'd pride rais'd a tumour
And then the Spirit's fain to take
His Lancet and let out the humour:
But, oh! mine heart how did it burn, and ake?

Which this dear Dove perceiving ſtraightway goes
T' a precious box, and thence applies
An ointment made of *Sharons* Roſe;
Which both the ſwelling cools, and mollifies.

When I was none, this Spirit made me be,
And live, and breath: when I was worſe
(For worſe then nothing, ſin made me)
For my rebuilding freely did imburſe.

My ſtony heart this ſpirit hatcht to fleſh:
My fleſhly heart did circumciſe;
My bleeding heart with balme refreſh,

Thoſe

Thoſe tears that fell from bleeding Saviours eyes.

In native gore when I polluted lay,
Hav'ng none to waſh, to ſalt, to ſwath me;
His counſells were my ſalt that day;
His laws my ſwadling bands: his grace did bathe me.

With milk for Babes this comforter did fill
Both Teſtaments, the old and new;
But how to come by't I'd no ſkill
Till he thoſe breaſts of conſolation drew.

He took me by the hand, and taught me go,
For I went all by forms before,
Till's holy unction made me know
A new and living way to fathers door.

I got upon an hill, would fain deſcry
Heav'ns *Canaan* from earths wilderneſs;
But being there, could nothing ſpy
Till with his eye-ſalve he my eyes did dreſs.

Over againſt Heav'ns haven on the ſhore,
I ſtood and waited for a wind;
Then did his Spirit waft me ore
In heart, in hope, in faith, in joy of mind.

Arithmetick and th' art of meaſuring
I h'd ſtudied, but bungled ſtill;
The meaſure of a ſpan to bring
Or number of my dayes I could not ſkill.

Then this free ſpirit gave a watch to me
Which ev'ry day wind up I muſt,
To tell me how my time did flee;
But I forgot, and let it ſtand and ruſt.

Then

Then being griev'd that I'd ſo diſreſpected
Both gift and giver, did indeavour
To wind it up but t' had collected
Such ſoil as from the wheels I could not ſever.

Then did I mourning to the donour go;
Confeſs'd my fault, ſhew'd him the ſoile
It gather'd whilſt neglected ſo:
Do not deſpaire ſaid he, for I am oyle.

This is the Spirit of all life and bliſs
Yet when I felt him firſt, I died:
The fountain of my life he is,
Yet but for him I h'd neer been mortified.

This Spirit in mine heart doth ſhed abroad
Gods dear and never dying love:
Yet not a day but his ſharp rod
Doth me ſeverely chaſtiſe and reprove.

This Spirit rais'd my Chriſt, yet caſts me down,
Doth caſt me down, and yet uphold;
Mine humblings are my joy, my Crown:
My fear doth make my faith more firm and bold.

Calms are not alwayes profitable for me,
Therefore the winds are ſometimes high;
This Spirit bluſters, and is ſtormy,
That I might ground-faſt in humility.

This Spirit is my good and only guide:
Yet walk i'th' Spirit, Scriptures ſay.
My conduct, and my path beſide
This Spirit is; my Captain, and my way.

Man walks according to thy native light,

Say

Say some, and thou shalt perfect bee:
I. Perfect indeed as noon's at night;
Lord, in thy Spirits light light let me see.

A spirit there's in man but th' inspiration
Of the Almighty only can,
By no less than a new Creation,
Enlighten'e; such a dungeon sin made man.

Mans spirit is the Candle of the Lord;
Which who would see by, first should light
At Gods own fire, ev'n Gods own word:
Gods word's his mind sent us in black and white.

For since th' incarnate word his tender love
In blood to write us condescends,
What wonder that his own dear Dove
In ink and paper prayes us to be friends.

Nor Son nor Spirit had I understood
Bee'ng sunk so deep in sins dark grot
Had not the Son took bone and blood,
Had not the Spirit pen and paper got.

The Son, in humane nature clad, doth raise
My conscience out of guilts dark grave;
The Spirit, cloath'd in humane phrase,
My mind out of blind ignorance's cave.

The Son in servile form came down among's
Serving to purchase us command:
The Spirit fell in cloven tongues,
As who would lisp that we might understand.

Surely this Spirit of all Spirits fram'd
That Book of Books, my Bible dear;

A thing that's all things can be nam'd:
Food, phyſick, treaſures, pleaſures, all are here.

A glaſs that ſhewes to ev'ry man his face;
A ſtaff that helps the lame to walk:
A ſpur that makes him mend his pace:
A light that ſhews what, and what not, to balk.

A Book that makes the ſimple truly wiſe:
A Book that proves the wiſeſt fools:
A Book that helps the Readers eyes:
A Book that baffles, and befools the ſchools.

A Book whoſe ev'ry leaſe, whoſe ev'ry line
Out ſhines the milky way as far
As if Heavens light ſhould all combine
To darken and obſcure one painted ſtar.

A Book that told my ſtory ere I was:
A Book that tells me what ſhall be
When I'm no more: what doom ſhall paſs
On States, on Churches, Perſons, and on me.

This Book's truths ſtandard, nay, 'tis truth it ſelf;
So well's the Spirit here pourtrai'd:
This Book doth ſanctifie the ſhelf,
The heart, I mean where it's ſincerely laid.

Yet ſome by reaſon, ſome by new-found light
Not only leave to queſtion take
But mend this Book and ſet it right
By Tables of Errata's they would make.

So much is good, and 'tis Canonicall,
As to mans reaſon is commenſura'd:
Gods light, by mans, muſt ſtand or fall;

And so the Sun by th' Sextons Clock is censur'd.

Methinks I love the Author for the Book:
The Book for th' Author much more love;
When op'ning into it I look
My God, I can't forget thy sweet spread-Dove.

The gentle wings I feel, and hear the mourning
Of that dear Turtle waiting still,
Upon my grieving and returning,
To bring an Olive-branch of peace i'th' bill.

The lines, I grant, are not all of one colour,
Yet all make up mans doom and duty;
Some promise joy, some threaten dolour,
Variety makes up the Turtles beauty.

This Dove *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab* taught
All curious works for th' Sanctuary:
But Scriptures are more finely wrought
Shewing most art, where they seem most to vary.

As when this one sweet Spirit is call'd heaven,
Perfection's meant in unity:
A Spirit filling Earth and Heaven
That operates in all, but diversly.

Some reckon seaven Suns to ev'ry week,
So many Moons to ev'ry year,
As she turns th' whole face or half cheek,
And doth by turns first sit, and then appear.

This Spirit makes in *Sampson* strength excell,
And in a *Moses* Government,
And wisdom in a *Daniel*,
And all much more in Christ, where't dwelt unpent.

This

This Spirit doth transcribe the Gospel-story
On th' fleshly tables of mine heart.
Christ's Cradle, Cross, his Grave, his Glory
All's acted on that stage by th' Spirits art.

To his Birth answers my Regeneration:
Heart Circumcision suites to his:
To's Cross and Grave mortification:
And Grace and Hope to's Rising and his Bliss.

And then as Christ makes intercession for us,
The Spirit in us, intercedes;
With crying blood our Christ doth store us,
With sighes and groanes the Spirit in us pleads.

This Spirit is unbounded, yet believers
In earthen vessels this rich treasure
Only receive as he delivers,
And he dispenseth each one but a measure.

This Spirit is eternal, never dies,
An unextinguishable fire:
Yet in mens hearts oft gasping cryes
Oh! if you quench me thus I shall expire.

This Spirit is a Dove, yet to contest
With Crowes, and Vultures is he fain;
Whilst, in his room, mans wretched breast
Doth lusts unclean, wraths, rapines entertain.

This Spirit is a Dove, yet's vexed often
By foolish man, that peevish waſp
Whose heart nor Sun nor show'r can soften,
Man grieves him without whom he could not gasp.

This tender Spirit who but man would grieve?

If I my Comforter make sad,
Who onely can sad hearts relieve,
Alas! my God, who then shall make me glad?

Grieve, foolish heart! be't to thine own perplexing
Be thou as melted wax in me,
That thou shouldst set this Dove a vexing
That sweetly seals redemption unto thee.

Give, stubborn heart, relent, since for thy sake
The Lamb of God not onely blood,
But ev'n Gods turtle tears doth take,
Let thy repentance still help on the flood.

Melt, stony heart! till all becomes one river.
Doves do delight near ponds to dwell:
Groans are best musick to a griever:
Such is Gods Dove, whose groanes thy duty tell.

Shew not thy self vexatious to a Dove,
That cannot grieve thee without grieving;
Ev'n Publicans yield love for love.
Quench not truths Spirit by thy unbelieving.

Afflict not this dear guide: go not astray;
Nor look back from an holy life:
While th' Spirit sayes this is the way,
Have salt in thee; remember, man, *Lots* wife.

Check not this Spirits checks, but let them bee
Taken for kindness, as they are:
His smitings reckon oyl to thee;
Say, smite my rock, my God, and do not spare.

Grieve not this Holy Ghost, by entertaining
Such inmates as he cannot bear:

If band of lusts thine heart be training
What room for this sweet Spirit can be there?

Seek holiness, seek peace, make after Union;
Let Meditation stir this fire;
Pray'r blow it up; let sweet Communion
Maintain it burning still, and raise it higher.

Quench not the smallest spark in thy weak brother;
What flames are on that hearth of thine
Boast not, nor yet deny or smother.
Rather desire thou for to burn then shine.

Some care not for this Dove had they his feather;
A sorry bargin such would make;
Over a while such shall have neither;
Seek thou the Spirits gifts for graces sake.

'Ware sinning, against light and grace, and love;
Know, ev'ry of those sins that are done
Directly against this dear Dove
Comes near to that that never shall have pardon.

If we live in the Spirit, *Let us walk in the* Spirit,
Gal. 5. 25.

FAITH.

FRom thee, dear Dove,
Yet still in thine embraces,
To Faith, Hope, Love

That Trinity of Graces
Now let me pass, and succour so my Verses
That I may express what my Muse rehearses.

Faith, I'le begin
With thee; for thou wast th' first,
When bloody sin
Had made me all accurst,
That flagg'd th' avenger posting after me,
And led me to some refuge-City flee.

Some men would make
Faith and Repentance strive
Who should place take;
But surely Faith's the hive
In which that busie Bee, repentance, makes
Tears drops like honey from mans heart like wax.

For who can grieve
For that which they believe not?
Who can believe
Mans sinfull state, and grieve not?
I did believe the law, and so relented,
I did believe the Gospell, and repented.

I did believe
That God made all things good;
And then did grieve
That I had brought a flood
A flood of sins, and so of miseries
On all: this brought a deluge on mine eyes.

I did believe
That God took flesh, lost blood
So to relieve
Me, and to drown sins flood:

Then

Then girt like *Peter* did begin to swim
In a repentant Sea of tears to him.

Repentance lowers
Yet (like sad rainy dayes)
Bring fruits and flow'rs
And floods to wash our wayes,
Its Clouds bee'ng fill'd with what bright faith ex-
But's dry as desperation, when faith fails. (hales.

Yet have I heard
That some repented not
That afterward
They might believe. This knot
Is soon untied: First Faith lends tears and grief.
Unto repentance, then an handkerchief;

Thus Faith precedes
Repentance, yet comes after;
Followes, yet leads;
As Mother and as Daughter:
As the bright Sun the brackish Sea doth round
Encompassing Repentance, Faith is found.

Faith, I would tell
Thy glory if I could,
Where thou dost dwell,
Or what thou art, behold!
But thou art Faith which sense can no more reach
Then deaf Deity can praise, or preach.

I did ask at
Heav'ns gate for thee, dear grace,
But was told that
There vision held thy place:
Then some infernal fiends said they could shew (thee

But took thee for no grace, for they did rue thee.

I lookt about
On Earth to find thee there,
For there no doubt
Thou dwelst if any where;
And yet again th' unerring Scripture saith,
When Christ shall come, shall he on earth find Faith?

Surely not much:
When he shall that day bring
Unto the touch
Each one that wears a ring.
All won't prove Gold that glisters, and is specious,
Nor feigned Faith be then approv'd as precious.

Oh! that I knew
Thee, precious Faith; and could
Thy reall hue,
Thy lustre but unfold
I should soon draw all eyes from him that hath
Gold rings, to gaze on th' poor when rich in Faith.

Alas! most take
Thee for some pebble, they
Do nothing make
To believe any way
Only those few that have thee, jealous are
Their Faith is not the right, the right's so rare.

Thou'rt a rich stock,
A Diadem brought forth
Only by th' rock
Of ages, of such worth
That who hath thee, although he hath no more,
May well esteem the golden Indies poor.

By

By thee the juſt
May live, when wants ſurround:
And ſo he muſt
When other things abound.
Faith makes the conſcience good, and that well dreſt
Is a continual food, a conſtant feaſt.

Of the houſhold
Of Faith, I'm ſure I've read;
And dare be bold
They want no houſhold-bread:
Faith daily ſets on the believers board
The Heav'nly bread of th' ever-living word.

Others look by
Their trades to be maintain'd:
Why ſhould not I
To be by faith ſuſtain'd?
Thou art the calling; man but miſapplies,
To other trades, the name of myſteries.

The myſtery
Thou art, yet th' *Oedipus*
That doſt untye
All doubts and knots for us.
Nothing is hard to thee: where thou canſt not
Unriddle, thou'ſt a ſword to cut the knot.

How blind were man
But for thy piercing eye?
Who nothing can,
No, not himſelf, deſcrie.
Thy clue guides through both Labyrinth-like waies
Of mine own heart, and through the Scriptures maze.

I ſhould be ſet
And poſ'd at firſt and laſt

I'th' Alphabet
But that, dear Faith, thou haſt
Taught me to know my letters. Who but thou
Could make me th' *Alpha* and *Omega* know!

Or to know him
Aright? alas! my ſight
Were dark and dim
But for thine eyes, thy light
Who ſeeſt him that is inviſible.
What fleſh and blood perceives not thou ſee'ſt well.

Pray'r 's a blind beggar,
If it do want but thee:
It may be eager,
But right it cannot bee.
Hope were an hopeleſs thing, but that thou doſt
Allow it ſpend upon thy proper coſt.

Faith makes pray'r know
Where t' have its Ammunition,
And teacheth how
To level each petition.
Of clam'rous ſin, quick prayer, by Faith, gains cope,
And brings ſalvations tidings back to hope.

In pilgrimage,
I went to Calvery
That bitter ſtage
Where my dear Lord did dye;
Where miſſing him, I cry'd out where is he?
Faith whiſper'd to me, go along with me.

Faith brought me to
A door, but it was lockt:
Faith bad me go

And

And knock, and so I knockt:
Then th' door flew open, and a Lamb did stand
Cry'ng take both fleece and flesh. But I h'd no hand.

But as my moan
I made with tears and grief,
Faith lent me one
So I took the relief:
Which having got I found that this believing
Both gives me Christ, and is of Christs own giving.

But as I thought
To h've carri'd home this gift,
A Cross was brought
Which I was bad to lift
Or leave the rest; I try'd, but could not bear it:
Said Faith, I'le lend thee shoulders, do not fear it.

With much ado
I got this blessed pack,
Christ and's Cross too
By Faith upon my back;
But could not go nor stand, till Faith did meet
Me just a sinking with a pair of feet.

Faith hav'ng new vampt
My soul, I then could walk.
Reason's sin-crampt;
And 'tis but idle talk
To speak of marching in its strength and might
Till Faith lends reason legs and sets it right.

We stand by Faith
Saith *Paul*, we stand by reason.
Whoever saith
I doubt me, doth speak treason,

They

They shew their reason best that daily beg,
Lord give us Faith, reason's a wooden leg.

Faith makes me see
What reason's asking still,
How can it be?
Let him take heed that will
Believe no more then he finds reason for,
Left he find reason to believe no more.

When Faith as Queen
Makes reason wait upon her,
Reason's then seen
Look like a maid of honour;
But let that saucy Courtier 'ware his head
That crowds the Queen into the truckle-bed.

In a few miles
March, betwixt this and Heaven
I found some stiles
Not few't then six or seven
That reason stumbling at; Faith, help me over,
Said I, till poor lame reason shall recover.

No sooner said
I so, but Faith did lift,
Ev'n as I pray'd,
Me over with my gift;
Which done I fell aboard that sacred flesh,
That so I might my fainting soul refresh.

Bee'ng cold and thin
The fleece I had receiv'd
I went to spin
And weave; but as I weav'd
An enemy did cast a fiery dart,

Which

which but for th' shield of Faith had kill'd my heart.

Where hadst that fleece
Said Satan, thievish sinner,
Of righteousness
That thou'rt become a spinner?
answer'd, false accuser, not by thieving
had I my Righteousness, but by believing.

Believing? what
Doth thou, poor foolish wretch
Tell me of that?
Said Satan, go and fetch
Gods Law Book, and thy Conscience Book, and say
if thou canst stand as righteous any way.

Malicious foe
Said I, cease troubling me,
Or else lets go
To suit i'th' Chancery.
Gods Common Law admits of mine appeales
To th' Law of Faith that Righteousness reveales.

But equity
Requires thy debts be paid,
Said he; said I,
And satisfaction's made
By one that left his Cross, when he was slain,
That I therewith might thee, foul serpent! brain.

Then Satan flew,
Quitting the field. Anon
A numerous crew,
A *WORLD* it was, came on,
Thronging so thick and threefold in upon me,
That, had not Faith prest in, they had undone me.

Earth

Earth shew'd her strength,
Her treasures, pleasures, pride;
Giddy at length
Poor I began to slide,
Hold, man! said Faith, thou hast a staff by thee,
Christs Cross can help thee stand, and force these fl
But in this broil
E're I the Cross could use,
I had a foil,
And got at inward bruise, (sid
Conscience spat blood, pain pierc'd and wrung
Till Faith some better blood like balm applyed.

Faith also bad
A vein should op'ned be,
Urging I had
Much putrid blood in me:
Content, said I. for I had heard o'th' art
Of saving Faith to purifie the heart.

But lest I should
In bleeding faint, Faith took
Some Cordials roll'd
In Bible leaves, a Book
Whose ev'ry leaf, said Faith, rich drugs contains
As I compound them, sov'raign for heart pains.

Alas! said I,
Many those drugs have got,
But to decry,
Finding they profit not;
But strait remembred what the Scripture saith,
Th' word did not profit be'ng unmix'd with Faith.

O pow'rfull Faith!
Whose ev'ry smallest grain,
I found, who hath
May say, and not in vain,
Mountains of guilt that here so long have stood

Get

et hence into the Sea of Saviours blood.

This skilfull grace
Did first Phlebotomize,
Then wash the place,
And after wipe mine eyes.
eare Faith! said I, I see that thou dost mean
Not only for to make me whole but clean.

As soon as I
Was cur'd of this my pain,
Impetuously
The world come on again.
I took Faith's Cross, and found what Scripture saith
Our victory over the world's our Faith.

Vain world be gone
Said I, vex me no more,
Vexation
And vanity's thy store.
This *Jacobs* ladder helps me to discrie
A surer sweeter world beyond the skie.

By this dear Cross
My deatest Lord did climb;
I'le count thee loss
That I may follow him.
His and my Kingdom's not i'th' worlds enjoyment,
If 'twere who knows where it would be next mo-
(ment?

World thou must be
Set one day all on fire,
Witch-craft in thee,
And blood, deserve this hire.
Then shall my dust see by thy bright fire-light
To rise that mourning that shall ne're have night.

We do but jest,
Great *Alexanders* glory
Is best exprest

When

When we say this worlds glory
Vanquish'd that seeming victor; sure I am
Nothing but Faith this world e're overcame.

When I begin
To fight, and want supplies;
Faith summons in
Heavens Auxiliaries;
And stores with precious promises that are
The very sinews of that holy war.

And more then this
Brings in a rare Commander,
Jesus it is,
Not *Mars*, or *Alexander*:
But he that taught all fingers fight, can quell
All foes, 'v'n Christ i'th' heart, by faith, doth dwell.

Jerusalem
Above, that City is
Where *Davids* stem
Reigns and remains in bliss;
Yet 'tis his royal pleasure here in us
To dwell by Faith as in his Country-house.

Faith makes mans heart,
That dark low, ruin'd thing,
By its rare art,
A pallace for a King:
High'r then proud *Babels* tow'r by many a story,
By faith Christ dwells in us the hope of Glory.

Thus Faith doth raise
Out of vile dust a Court,
Imputing praise,
Honour, and good report.
Hearts, *Rahab*-like, when once they entertain
Heav'ns spies by Faith a good report do gain.

If thou believe
All things are possible:
Faith can relieve
Ev'n to a miracle:
This Faith can wash an *Æthiopian* clean,
Witness the Eunuch of *Candace* the Queen.

And as Faith makes
Us Courts, so Courtiers too;
God pleasure takes
In us when all we do
Is done in Faith: then reck'ning that he hath
Most glory by us, when most strong in Faith.

And as by this
Our service proves his pleasure;
Ev'n so doth his
Hereby become our treasure:
One day in Gods Court Faith doth far prefer
Before a thousand any other where.

'Tis unbelief
I'th' evil, evil heart,
His and my grief,
That makes us ever part:
That Blessed Man whose feet this Faith hath shod,
With *Noah* and *Enoch* still can walk with God.

By Faith who strives
To walk with God whilst here
Doth live two lives
At once each day o'th' year:
And dying *Joseph*-like commands his bones
To *Canaan* there to dwell with living ones.

Dear Faith said I

My

My joy, my crown, my treasure!
Tell me whereby
I may do thee a pleasure.
Thou art that lock in which my strength doth lye,
Thee not to tender were self cruelty.

If thou wouldst please
Me better, work me more;
Said Faith, 'tis ease
Only that makes me poore.
But I do use to bid my workmen eat,
Said I, dear Faith inform me what's thy meat.

Said Faith I came
Out of the eastern lands,
Old *Abraham*
And I have oft shook hands:
My food's an *Hebrew* root that Gardners dresse
On Lords Dayes mostly, call'd the *root of Jesse*.

By hearing I
Came first; and we are fed
Most kindly by
The things whereof we're bred.
Forget not, if you love me, the Church-path;
Line upon Line's the way from Faith to Faith.

The carefull foot,
That walks by Scripture *Leaves*,
Shall find this *Root*,
Which happy who receives;
So nutritive, Antidotive and good
Who feeds on it, needs scarce fear any food.

Make but my bread
Of this root when I Sup

Let th' Dragons head
Be then broke and serv'd up:
Yet Toad-stools, one would think, need be well dres't
E're they will make a good dish for a feast.

Art I did gain
Sometime, and that by book,
The Tempters brain
To wholesomeness to cook.
Only have care as ever thou dost mean
To keep me long in health to lodge me clean.

Good Conscience is
An old Comrade of mine,
Whom I can't miss;
If thou wouldst make me thine,
And keep me, thou must keep him too; that day
Thou partst with him, look I should pack away.

Self confidence,
My nat'rall enemy,
Must be pack't hence.
An hand, a foot, an eye
Who hath of's own, will scorn to be my debtour:
Who parts with these, works, walks and sees the (better.

Prove that thou art
A Pilgrim; daily dye;
Of death get th' start
And live eternally.
That in *Abrah'ms* heart dwelt many a day,
To *Abrah'ms* bosome now shew thee the way.

Fear always; Yet
Faint never; Eye the cloud
That doth beset

Thee, that triumphant Croud;
Look unto Jesus; watch th' word of command,
Which, when thou hast done all these things, is *Stand.*

By Grace ye are saved, through Faith, Eph. 2. 8.

HOPE.

DRive on, my Muse, till thou'rt got through;
Let not Hope find thee in a slough;
Let that that drives the Farmers plough,
Drive thine much more.
To th' Hope of *Isr'el* let me yet
In hope my running rhyme commit,
And humbly say, God prosper it;
Or 'twill be poor.

Hope is a door, the Scripture saith:
And so is Christ, and so is Faith;
Who 're out of these doors are in wrath
And Condemnation.
Faith into Christ doth first advent're;
Christ into Hope allows me enter:
Hope makes my very Soul to center
On Gods Salvation.

Hope is Faiths expectation;
Faith is the *Moses*, Hope's the stone

That

That Faith in Pray'r doth rest upon
Till't overcome.
Faith doth upon Hopes tip-toe stand
Stretching its neck to look for land
Beyond deaths gulf; and life beyond
The day of doom.

Hope is next door to Heav'ns gate;
'Tis but a step from this to that;
Nay Hope doth Heaven antedate,
And bring down hither.
Hope's th' antidote against despair;
Coffin of fear; and Couch of care;
Cradle of patience; Hope hath fair
Even in foul weather.

Hope is the mourners Handkerchief;
Hope is the Balme of ev'ry grief.
Hope doth endorse the beggars brief
Ere it's collected.
In Hope I have, what yet I want;
Hope makes me full, while things are scant;
Hope doth consummate, what I can't
Yet see effected.

Hope hath an harvest in the Spring;
In Winter doth of Summer sing;
Feeds on the fruits whilst blossoming,
Yet nips no bloom.
Hope brings me home when I'm abroad,
As soon as th' first step homeward's trod;
In Hope to thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come.

Hope sends the Ship to Sea, and then
Ere it returns, brings't home agen;

The port of all Seafaring men
Is this *Good Hope*.
I am a Sea-man too. My Soul,
Though toss'd with doubts when weather's foul,
Doth like some Sea-sick vessell roul;
Yet Heav'n's its scope.

Hope doth the Souldiers weapon wield;
By Hope the Souldiers Helmet's steel'd;
Hope gives him, e're he fights, the field;
Hope holds his station.
I am a Souldier too. My Sword,
Is that o'th' Spirit, th' two-edg'd word;
Now for an Helmet give me, Lord,
Th' hope of Salvation.

Hope sets the poor Apprentice free
First day he's bound. And why not me?
Thou hast Indentures Lord by thee
Wherein I'm tied.
Mount *Sinai's* Covenants they bee
Yet hope doth, Lord, Enfranchize mee
In *Sion*-hill, where all are free
That do reside.

In hope the School-Boy doth commence
Master of *Art*, and fair science;
Yea whilst i'th' lowest form steps thence
To th' Doctors Chair.
I'm a School Schollar too, my God!
But yesterday I felt thy rod;
Yet still with hope am girt and shod.
Away, despair.

'Tis hope that doth the sower feed;
Who seems to cast away his seed,

But doth preſerve in very deed
And mend his ſtore.
I am a Seeds man too, my Lord!
And but for Hope thou would'ſt afford
Thy bleſſing, when I ſow thy word,
I had forbore.

I am a Seeds man; every teare
I ſow in Hope, 'twill bring an eare
Fit for thy floor in time of yeare
For thee to gather:
Were't not for Hope the heart, ſome ſay,
Would break; yet Hope led me one day
Weeping along the Milkie way
To thee, O Father!

I am a Seeds man caſting bread
On th' waters where it ſeems lye dead;
Yet Hope aſſures me 't ſhall be fed,
And then reſtor'd.
Hope doth the priſ'ners bolts unlock:
His fetters doth in ſunder knock:
Hope drives the Freemans trade and ſtock.
My deareſt Lord!

I am a captive too. Sins chain
Doth hold and hamper, but in vain;
By Hope I'm ſaved, and ſet again
At liberty.
I am a Tradeſman too. Thou art
That God with whom I deal. My heart
Takes Heav'n to be the only Mart,
Thither trade I;

Exporting groans and broken pray'rs
That ſcarſe can clamber up the ſtairs.

Importing rich and precious wares,
Ev'n joy and peace.
Joy that exceeds all understanding,
O'th' Spirits sealing, Christs own handing:
Peace that is of Gods own commanding,
And can't surcease.

Hope makes the labourer to run
A race as 'twere with each dayes Sun
Paying his wages ere's work be done,
And mine much more.
I daily dig and delve within
Stubbing at th' roots and stumps of sin,
And but for Hope one day to win
I should give ore.

O come that long'd for day! come quickly!
This Hope defer'd makes my heart sickly.
Grace is a Rose, but sin is prickly
And still adheres.
Amphibion like the Diver tries,
Whet sharp with Hope: t' anatomize
And geld the deeps: his hop'd for prize
Forbids his fears.

I am a Diver too. Thy word
Doth richer rarities afford:
A greater deep, and better stor'd
With Pearls and Treasure,
Angels desire to dive into
These deeps; and so I daily do:
Whose Pearls are rich and Cordial too;
Health, Wealth, and Pleasure.

'Tis Hope that makes the racer fleet,
Bringing the wager to his feet,

Make

Make haſt, ſaith Hope, what? don't you ſee't?
You've won, you've won.
I am a racer too. My race
From ſin to Glory is by Grace;
Hope ſets Heav'ns Bliſs before my face,
And then I run.

I heard the witty world once ſay
The bird i'th' buſh may fly away:
Take Heav'n who will, 'tis preſent pay
For which we trade.
To Faith and Hope I told this ſtory;
Their havings are but tranſitory,
Said Faith: ſaid Hope, and I have Glory
That cannot fade.

Haſt it? ſaid I; Hope, ſhew it me.
What's this, ſaid Hope, thou here doſt ſee?
Said I, an Acorn: No, ſaid he
But 'tis an Oake.
What is't, ſaid Hope, thou ſee'ſt faſt by?
A grain of Muſtard-ſeed, ſaid I.
A plant, ſaid Hope, reaching the ſky;
And thou'dſt right ſpoke.

Then I perceiv'd the meaning was
Hope ripens ſeeds of Grace to Grace:
Makes Grace, when grounded, Mount and paſs
To th' higheſt ſtory.
Hope ſhew'd me then a ſparkling ſtone
What's this, ſaid Hope, that I've got on?
I ſtrait reply'd, 'tis Grace begun.
Said Hope, 'tis Glory.

Then learnt I that Grace inchoate,
By lively Hope doth maturate:

And ripning, doth anticipate
Heav'n here on Earth.
I spake to Hope of a reversion
I had in Heaven since conversion;
Said Hope, why cast you an aspersion
On th' second birth?

Reversion sounds, said Hope, to mee
Your state at present dead to bee;
But I have Heav'n in hand, you see,
Whereon I live.
I am Faiths present recompence:
My Grammar knows no Future tense:
The Verbs that make up all my sense
Are Substantive.

Who 're these, said Hope, thou see'st before,
Prostrate and begging at a door.
Said I, they are Heav'ns Parish Poor;
Said Hope, they're Kings.
Kings? said I. But where are their Crowns?
Their Scepters, Kingdomes, Countries, Towns?
Their Ermine Robes, and Purple Gowns,
Those Royal things?

I can, said Hope, tell where they be:
Safely they are reserv'd by me,
Safely reserv'd from them and thee:
Look here are they.
All's lockt, Hope, lend's the Key, said I.
Hope fetch a Bible presently:
On which when I h'd but cast mine eye
I found a Key.

The right key 'twas o'th' door of Hope

Enter,

Enter, ſaid Faith, thou needſt not grope:
I turn'd the key, and th' door flew ope,
And I went on.
But O the things that there I ſaw!
Jewels of joyes, in ſoiles of awe!
But blab not, Muſe. Know'ſt not the Law?
Peace, and have done.

'Tis not allow'd thee to diſplay
The brightneſs of Hopes holy day.
Unutterable things to ſay;
Muſe, do not vent're.
Hope ſhew'd me, but I can't ſay what.
Only let him that queſtions that,
But get the key, that then I gat:
And let him enter.

Then let him ſay, If ever he
The like things unto thoſe, did ſee:
Or yet can utter what they bee
That there he ſaw.
This only can I ſay, that there
Crowns, Scepters, all enameld were
With Grace and Peace, with Faith and Fear,
With Love and Awe.

True Hope though pleaſant, yet is gracious;
though lightſome: Not audacious,
d: though joyous, not falacious;
erry, not vain.
joyce, but never rant:
eds high, but revell can't;
Chaſt Scripture comforts that provant
Doth Hope ſuſtain.

The word whereon I hope, doth urge

Pureneſs

Pureneſs: the fire wherein I forge
The Anchor of mine Hope, doth purge
My droſs, my tin.
That Hope makes not aſham'd, but ſure
The bottom's rock, and ſhall endure;
That makes me ſtrive, as God is pure,
To purge my ſin.

True Hope's a *Jacobs* ſtaff indeed:
True Hope is no *Ægyptian* reed:
That ſprings from mire, or elſe can feed
On dirt, or mud.
By Hope juſt men and ſanctified
I'th' Ocean ſafe at Anchor ride
Fearleſs of wrack by wind or tide
By ebb or flood.

Hope's the top-window of that ark
Where all Gods *Noahs* do imbark;
Hope lets in ſkie-light, elſe how dark
Were ſuch a ſeaſon?
But wouldſt not be engulf'd, or drown'd
When ſtorms and tempeſts gather round:
E're thou canſt Anchor, try the ground:
Hope muſt have reaſon.

Hopes Anchor-hold cannot be good
Where th' bottom's all or only mud.
Shall th' Sinner in his Native blood
To Hope pretend?
Or th' Hypocrite ſtrengthen his maſt,
(Who boldly doth Hopes Anchor caſt
On's ſandy bottom) when at laſt
Heav'ns ſtorms deſcend?

'Ware Cob-web Hopes, when God ſhall come
With's

With's beſome of impartial doom
To ſweep mans heart, that inner room;
Shall they ſtand ſure?
Oft have I ſeen a branch in ſpring
Rent from the root, yet bloſſoming,
As 'twere ſome Hopefull growing thing,
But can't endure.

He that is at the pains and coſt
To plant and water it, next froſt
Is like to ſee his labour loſt,
And hope to periſh:
Surely 'twill poſe all ſkill and art
But onely his, that can convert
This *lively Hope* in a *dead Heart*
To plant and cheriſh.

And where there's but a name to live,
Though for a ſeaſon Hope ſeems thrive,
When ſuch give up the *Ghoſt* they give
Their *Hopes* up too.
Good Hope's through Grace. And whoſoever
Part Righteouſneſs from Hope endeavour
The Helmet from the Breſtplate ſever
Which who would do?

But let what waters will aſſaile,
The Hope o'th' righteous cannot faile,
Whoſe Anchor's caſt within the vaile
Till th' flood aſſwages.
His Hope's no Lott'ry, hit or miſs;
But an Inheritance it is:
Chriſt is in him the Hope of Bliſs,
That rock of ages.

Mine eyes are unto *Sion*-hill

Longing

Longing in Hope, yet waiting ſtill
For he that ſhall, will come, and will
Not alwayes linger.
Therefore in Hope will I rejoyce,
Yea, when the floods lift up their voice;
When Seas ſhall roare, to drown their noiſe,
I'll turn a ſinger.

I'll turn a ſinger, and my ſong
Shall be by book, leſt I go wrong:
For I h've not ſkill'd of muſick long,
Or holy mirth.
Weeping into the world I came,
Bringing a world of ſin and ſhame:
Bearing the firſt Apoſtates blame
Ev'n at my birth.

The fruit old *Adam* and his *Eve*
Did ſo long ſince together thieve,
Wringing my mother made us grieve
And groan together:
And as I thus did weeping come
Out of one grave, I mean the womb,
My face was tow'rds a deader Tomb
And I bound thither.

My life was but a Bondage through
The fear of death, that fatal ſlough.
But lively Hope forbids me now
All ſlaviſh fears.
Oft have I been contemplating
Of death that melancholick thing;
Weeping, till Hope hath made me ſing,
Drying my tears.

Author and rock of all my Hope,

That

That haſt deaths priſon-doors broke ope,
So faſtning to Faiths Cable-rope
Hopes Anchor ſtrong.
What though I ſail through foaming Seas?
Billows are Pillows, Beds of eaſe:
Deaths blaſt rocks me aſleep in theſe;
Waiting e're long

At thy ſhrill ſuddain voice to riſe,
And rub deaths duſt out of mine eyes,
When death ſhall have diſgorg'd its prize
Safe on the ſhore,
Then hold my rudder in thine hand
Who put to Sea at thy command
Till I may make ſome new-found land:
Oh! help me o're.

I need not want an Anchor, Lord,
With wood and iron, bee'ng ſo ſtor'd,
With what thy Croſs and Nailes affoard
Had I but ſkill.
Anchors, I ſee, by th' Forgers *Art*,
Have both a ſtrait and bending part;
Hope ſtrengthens, yet it bows the heart
To wait Gods Will.

The Scripture ſaith, that tribulation
(And 'tis a ſtrange Concatenation)
Works patience: as if vexation
Did make more quiet;
And Patience works Experience:
Experience, Hope. yet Patience,
I'm ſure, doth live on Hopes expenſe
For daily diet.

Thus have I ſeen the Grand Childs purſe

For

For the Grand-Sires support disburse
Thus Hope doth Patience feed and nurse;
Patience again
Doth tutor Hope, and teach it know
All points of Heavenly Courtship: How
To wait on God, to bend, to bow,
To bear his train.

To follow him in all his wayes,
And so to hold e'en all its dayes,
Seeking that Honour, Glory, Praise Ro 2. 7
That God shall give.
Patience of Hope makes Heaven smile
To see the troden Camomile,
Whilst underfoot, spring up the while
And the more thrive.

When death comes with his leaden foot,
Hoping to crush mine Hope i'th' root,
The utmost hurt that death can do't
Is but to make
Mine Hope grow up into fruition;
Whilest Faith's translated into vision,
Mending thereby my souls condition,
Doubling my stake.

What though mine Haven, Heaven lye
Beyond the dead Sea? what though I
Decease? mine Hope shall never dye,
Never decay.
What though I walk through th' vale of tears?
Hope is a staff that ever bears;
Hope is a rod chasing my fears
Guiding my way

What though revengefull Papists burne

Dear

Dear *Bucers* bones, ſtill Hope's his urne
Till's aſhes to a Phœnix turne
And live afreſh.
What though deaths ſcorching flames preſume
To turn my moiſture to dry fume?
My ſoul ſhall one day reaſſume
Calcined fleſh.

Therefore my dying tongue ſhall ſing:
Yea ev'n my fleſh that fading thing
Shall reſt in Hope for that day ſpring
All th' night of death.
And when I lay my weary head
And bones i'th' grave as in a bed,
Let not the mourner ſay he's dead,
But ſlumbereth.

Yet bonie death ſometimes looks in
Bringing a liſt of all my ſin
Pinching mine Hope, till it looks thin
And's like to dye:
Death in my very face doth ſtare
So gaſtly, as if't meant to ſcare
And fright mine Hope into deſpaire,
While ſin ſtands by.

Ah Conſcience! Conſcience! when I look
Into thy Regiſter, thy Book,
What corner of my heart, what nook
Stands clear of ſin?
And though my ſkin feels ſoft and ſleek,
Scarce can I touch my chin and cheek,
But I can feel deaths jaw-bone prick
Ev'n through my ſkin.

Yet why art thus caſt down, my ſoul?

Hope ſtill in God, and on him roule.
If Heaven ſmile, what though death ſcoule,
And Conſcience loure.
A Book of my dear Chriſts I have
By which I look my God will ſave
My ſoul from ſin, my fleſh from grave,
And from deaths pow'r.

O death, where is thy victory?
That I might live, my Lord did dye;
He fled thee not, but made thee flie,
Hav'ng drawn thy ſting.
Thou hadſt of teeth a double row,
Till Chriſt by's Croſs took thee a blow
When faſtning on him. But thou'rt now
A tooth-leſs thing.

Well maiſt thou bark, but canſt not bite,
Bending thy brow, ſhewing thy ſpight:
Death do thy worſt: Hope ſets me quite
Beyond thy ſpleen.
What though my death ſeems written in
The very parchment of my ſkin
With the black ink of my foul ſin;
Yet have I ſeen

On both hands of a friend once ſlain,
But ſince return'd to life again,
A better ſtory Printed plain,
My ſights but dim;
Yet in the print o'th' nailes I ſee
Life in a Saviours hands for mee,
Whilſt as he hung upon the tree,
Hope hangs on him.

And ſtill ſhall hang on him untill

My bones have learnt to climbe that hill
Where now he sits, and whence he will
Yet come down hither,
That he may gather into one
Each dust of his, and scatt'red bone;
Then shall he, as a living stone,
Translate me thither.

And now, my Lord, what wait I for,
Standing, and knocking at thy door?
I stand and knock at th' door of Hope
Till knocking makes the door stand ope.

We are saved by Hope, *but Hope that is seen, is not Hope*, Rom. 8. 24.

LOVE.

FRom Faith and Hope I come sweet *Love* to sing,
For ev'ry Anchor hath its ring
Whereby 'tis wedded to its Cable-Rope.
Love makes the match 'twixt Faith and Hope.

Twixt Grace and Grace no marriage can be made
But where this golden ring's first had.
O golden Love, thou circling, endless thing!
All grace concenters in thy ring.

What though mine heart be flinty rock and stone?
Yet flints have fire: And have I none?
No spark of Love, thou God of *Love*! for thee

That hast twice ~~over-hammerd~~ me?

There's not one spark kindled upon mine hearth
But at first glance it quits the earth,
As if it knew the element of fire
Were some Diviner thing and high'r.

Lord, I can feel there's such a thing as Love
Warm in my breast, and feel it move;
I find I love my Child, and so doth he:
And shall I not, my God! love thee?

Is love the only fire that doth descend?
Or is my God, my God, no friend?
Sure all my doubts and fears cannot disprove
The condescention of thy Love.

The Elements, we find, invert their course,
Fearing a *Vacuum* would be worse;
And did not Love stoop low, when God did dye
To fill up mans vacuity?
Reader! stop here,
And drop a tear!

When Love that, ev'ry Ev'ning, makes my bed
Had not whereon to lay his head:
Except you'l call that bloody Cross and bitter
A Love-sick Saviours bed and litter.

When Love it self being as rich as store
To make me rich did become poor;
Unless those tears and bloody drops that fall,
You'l Pearls account and rubies call.

And can the flaming Element of Love
To store my wants drop from above?

Why can't mine Earth as well to Heaven grow,
As Heav'ns Love-fire come down so low ?

Why may I not, *Elijah*-like, aspire
To ride to Heaven in that fire,
That fire of Love that came from thence down hi-
On purpose sure to help me thither. (ther,

When Love to hatred did himself expose,
And prick's own foot to ease his foes;
Printing full proof in his chapt parched skin
What flames of Love there were within.

WhenLove unthought,unsought for did come down
Exchanging, for a Cross, his Crown,
Love undesir'd, Love undeserv'd did take
Mans game to play to save mans stake.

Whilest flames of wrath so sorely did contest
With this Love-fire in Saviours breast
Heightning the heat so far till's blood boyl'd ore,
Issuing out at ev'ry pore,
Lord! can the eye,
That reads, be dry ?

Ah! if it can; let not the writers be :
No tears of Love, my God! for thee ?
Lord! could Love make thee take my sins as thine ?
Sure then thy sorrows shall be mine.

The stripes that rent thy back, shall smite and knock
My breast, till they have cleft my rock.
The ir'n that in thine hands left such a print
Shall strike some fire out of my flint.

Shall I not love that friend that lov'd me So,

So Lov'd me when I was his foe!
Lord! let not want of Love encreaſe my ſcore!
My debts were great enough before.

Make me thy Love ſo burning hot to feel,
As to diſſolve and melt my ſteel:
And burn my ſtony heart to fervent lime,
As I h've ſeen fire turn ſtone ſometime.

My heart is thine; Lord thou haſt bought that ſtone,
And thou haſt ſewel of thine own;
Wil't not quit coſt? great great builder! if it will,
O throw mine heart into thy kill.

Lime is an uſefull thing in building ſure:
And lime of ſtone will beſt endure:
Knowledge puffs up, but Love is *edifying*,
And grows the ſtronger by long lying.

Oh that I had that lime of Love that is
(As by *Antiperiſtaſis*)
Hotter for water! I would often then
Weep till I even flam'd agen;
But now I mourn,
That I can't burn.

Can't burn? Alas! my God, I'm burning ever:
But oh my burning is a Fever.
Such *hectick heat* doth too too plainly prove
That I am but *infirm* in Love.

Lord, doſt not ſee how Gyants do invade
Thy right? my God, confound their trade,
Who uſing luſt for lime, by Helliſh art,
Would rebuild *Babel* in my heart.

'Tis

'Tis not so long my God and Saviour since
Thou didst expell th' usurping Prince,
Rasing his works and strong-holds built within
With lime of lust and piles of sin.

Can I Love sin, that hatefull cruel thing,
That grinds the Serpents forked sting;
Shew'ng death how twice at once to murther me?
And can I not, my God, Love thee?

Can I love sin, that puts me on the wrack
Till bones do break and sinews crack?
And can I not Love him that climb'd the tree?
Wracking himself to take down me?

Can I Love sin, since hatred ne're had bin?
Never bin heard of but for sin?
And can I not love *LOVE*, that came to dye,
To kill hatred and enmity?

Love sin, that founded Hell at's own expence?
And not my God that saves me thence?
Alas! how strangely Love its mark can miss!
Oh that mine head and heart for this
Were both one flood
Of tears of blood!

Or can mine heart like *Josephs* Mistriss, make
Love to the Servant? and mistake
These things below for my dear God above
To whom I owe ev'n all my Love?

And then when these chast Creature-comforts flie
Rather then yield, or gratifie.
Can I complain unto my Lord, and say
That they did tempt, then flie away?

Alas! poor Creatures would not be abuſed;
And muſt they yet be thus accuſed;
And God in them? and that I may be found
Guiltleſs, muſt guilt reach God at th' bound?

Thou gav'ſt me theſe to prove thy Love to me,
But not to ſteal my Love from thee;
I cannot love the giver, for his gift;
Alas! my God, that's a poor ſhift.

Why? ſhall I court the Bearer, that doth bring
Forgetting him that ſends the ring?
All Creature-good in this world or the next
Be'ng but a comment on Loves Text:

This whole Creation be'ng but one round drop
Hanging down from loves fingers top,
If all the world were Pearl, yet why ſhould I
Deſire to wear it in mine eye?

So that for this worlds Love I ſhould not ſee,
My deareſt Lord, how to Love thee?
Can I ſo love the world? And can't I yet
Love God that made both me and it?
Lord, I muſt cry,
Here's Witchery!

If the world be th' inchantreſs, Lord, I pray
Haſten the Gen'rall Judgment day!
For ſure my Love, when't ſees the witch a-burning
To its right wits will be returning.

But rather I ſuſpect 'tis Hells black art
That from my God thus charms my heart.
Remembring 'twas the wilie Serpents plot
That firſt brake the True Lovers Knot.

When

When *Baalams* Divinations could not move
From Gods dear *Israel* Gods dear Love,
But God that lov'd them once, would love them still,
Though *Balaam* went from mount to hill.

He next instructs the *Moabites* to lay
Adult'rous Loves in *Isr'els* way,
To quench their Love to God through wanton fire
And thereby to incense Gods ire.

And if this world play the *Moabites*;
'Tis Satans project, Lord, I guess;
Who see'ng he can't divert thy Love from mee
VVould thus divide my Love from thee.

And, is mine heart devided? ah! my God,
VVhose cloven foot thereon hath trod
The print discovers. VVhat though *Balaam's* dead?
Thou God of peace! bruise Satans head.

But I am most affraid the worst's within;
The witch-craft of my native sin.
Sin winds and circles, Lord, so many wayes
Till sin oft-times the Devil raise:
Lord! thou art fire,
Give sin her hire.

Burn up this witch, her crafts, and Philtre pots;
Sins books of curious arts, charms, knots,
By thy refining Spirit, that I may
Get warmth of Love to thee that way.

VVho hath bewitch'd me that I am so coy
VVhen thou wouldst fain my Love enjoy,
Thou, blessed Three, stand'st suing for mine heart
VVho only canst fill every part?

Dear God! who hath bewitch'd me that I can't
Deny the courting world a graunt,
That never yet could fill my heart, unleſs
It were with griping emptineſs?

The garment of thy goodneſs is entire,
Can keep me warm without a fire;
To which this whole Creation's but a ſhred,
Each Creature's but one ſingle thred.

To give theſe things their due, they're good for uſe
And lovely too: unleſs their juice;
By Love inordinate, be dryed up;
Leaving behind an empty cup.

And is Gold rich? and can the *mine* be poor?
Theirs at the beſt is borrow'd ſtore.
Nay, ſo long borrow'd that it now grows old:
O that my Love could wax as cold.

As cold to Earth, as Earth is in decay;
But more intenſe to God each day!
Who'll ſoon ſerve earth for all its glitt'ring grace
As we do ſerve old Silver-lace,
Lord! fire this pile
Of man mean while.

I h've heard good huſbands ſay, that they that bor-
Their ſtock to day, may break to morrow; (row
Sure the worlds credit cannot long hold good:
'Tis much the world thus long hath ſtood.

Conſid'ring when the world's in fulleſt trade
How poor and ſorry payment's made
Him, that owes all, and muſt his right recover;
Sure th' world muſt then all trade give over;

Shall

Shall I not therefore deal i'th' interim
Leſs with the world, but more with him,
With him whoſe Love's an unexhauſted ſpring
Of ev'ry good and perfect thing.

Methinks mens trading with the world might ſtop
At thought of this, who keeps her ſhop.
Alas! my God, the world is Devill ridden;
The thing is known, and can't be hidden.

Hell hath deflour'd the earth, and now I ſee
'T would put its leavings off to me,
Dawbing falſe paint on th' face o'th' wrinkled crea-(ture
Hav'ng worn and ſpoil'd its native feature.

The Earth's all *Ægypt* now: And *Ægypts* curſe
Is over all the world, or worſe:
For *Beelzebub* with his ſwarming train
Hath all things flie-blown. To be plain

There is no fleſh that's ſweet, but Saviours, now.
Which Satan try'd, but knew not how
To taint. All's dogs meat elſe. Lord! teach me chuſe
And I ſhall all the reſt refuſe,
And only wiſh
For that one diſh.

A diſh that's wholeſome, and 'tis healing too.
Ah my dear God! what ſhall I do
To Love thy fleſh enough, that taſted once
For ever heals my broken bones.

Set thine apart, all other fleſh is graſs:
And is my ſoul an Oxe or Aſs?
That it ſhould Love no higher then my beaſt?
Or can my ſoul ſuch fare digeſt?

Come

Come, Trencher Criticks, you that eat by book,
And in your food for phyſick look,
Your Cook muſt be ſome ſmall Apothecarie,
Will you allow a Verſer varie

From your received rules? and be content
To try a new experiment?
Fleſh in a feaver's good Divinity,
Which who moſt eats, ſcapes beſt, ſay I.

Provided that the fleſh be ſound and good
(For I would be right underſtood)
As never did, nor could, corruption ſee:
Ah my dear Saviour! I mean thee.

Alas! how long in an high burning Feaver
Of Gods diſpleaſure, never, never
To have been cured otherwiſe, did ſin
Once bring me, till I did begin

To fall aboard that ſacred fleſh? And then
How ſoon did I grow well again?
Then welcome, gentle gueſt, if thou haſt not
To prize and love thine health forgot,
Come ſit down here
And Love this Chear.

Or tell me, is it ſweetneſs and delight
That rather doth thy Love invite?
What more delicious, ſweeter thing can be
Than that ſweet blood was ſhed for me?

When I Repentance take, that purging pill
I take it in this Syrup ſtill:
What purgeth, pains; and would too much corrode
But for this ſweet emulgent blood.

You

You curious Palates, that can't let one glass
Without a strict Examen pass
Come taste, and tell me if (this blood) this wine
Ben't generous and genuine?

The Vine is Divine, nay 'tis somewhat more;
And can the blood o'th' Grape be poor?
'Tis this High-Country-Wine that fills my cup,
When at my Saviours board I sup.

Wine, that's as sweet as wrath of God is bitter,
Which, who hath tasted is the fitter
To relish this rich liquor. Wrath makes dry,
But here's the cup of Charity.

This is the grace-cup. Nothing's sweet nor good
Till dash't or sprinkled with this blood.
Men are but Swine, wines are but swill before
This blood man to himself restore.

A Wine so good, fall'n *Angels* might not tast it;
Who therefore did contrive to cast it
Upon the ground; which when they thought to spill
They broach'd for man against their will.
Lord who can love
Thy blood enough?

Or do you Love for Loveliness? Come hither;
My Lord is Lovely altogether.
Alas how am'rous wits forget their duty
To this supream and perfect beauty!

You fond admirers of a skin-deep hue,
To dusty beauties bid adieu,
To dusty beauties that have marr'd your eyes;
Ah my dear God! that wit were wise!

It cuts mine heart to see much silken wit
And snares and halters made of it.
Halters to th' owners, snares to th' passers by.
How fast *loose* wit can wantons tye,

And stake them down! till first the lover burns
In heart, and then in Hell, by turns.
But say his Love be chaste; and shee a flow'r;
All's next to nothing the next hour:

'Tis kill'd with kindness, dies when complemented,
And sooneſt fades when 'tis most scented.
Whose Muse doth dress his Mistriss, hangs a Verse
To day upon to morrows Herse:

Friends must be then call'd in to have away
What wanton wit adores to day.
Skin-beauty's but a *Sodom*-apple just;
When crusht, it turns to stench and dust.

The wanton world complains their *Love* is *blind*,
And I must needs be of their mind;
Whilst for such walking shades they cannot see
My dearest Lord, how to Love thee,
Yet thou art faire
Beyond compare.

Had I a wit, and had I grace, I'd bring
My Saviour an enamel'd ring,
A ring whose Posie should be this alone,
Stars get ye gone, the Sun hath shone.

Stars? I mean glow-worms; earthen beauties which
I'th' dark do sparkle in a ditch,
And fools mistake for *Stars*; till touch informs,
And proves them to be *silly worms*.

But,

But, Lord, my Muſe unworthy is to bear
The ſhoes that thy fair feet do wear.
Fairer for bee'ng ſo ſwift, ſwift to ſhed blood;
Their own I mean to do me good.

How fair's thy face then? may I, Lord, one day
Have leave to ſee, though none can ſay
How fair it is. My dear, the Sun's a Clod
To thy bright face, fair Son of God!

Wherein ſtill freſh and freſh together growes,
With Vallies Lillie, *Sharons* Roſe.
A Roſe that ne'r bare prickles of its own;
Yet ſinners thorns did Saviour crown.

And ſhall I Love my Champion leſs for ſcars
He gat in waging of my wars?
Thy bruiſes are but beauty ſpots, my dear,
That make thy Love more fair appear.

Who loves for fleſhly gloſs and ſilken ſkin
May find a *Serpent* oft *within*.
But thy deep wounds, Lord, prove thee that thou art
All-Lovely to thy very heart.
Beauty thus deep,
Will hold and keep.

Or is it Knowledge, Learning, Science, Art
That takes the more ingenious heart?
Come, bookiſh man, and ſit a while down here;
Till thou haſt read my deareſt dear.

What's that that's printed in his hands and feet?
The print is plain, man, doſt not ſee't?
A myſtery that learned fleſh and blood
Never taught yet, nor underſtood.

I h've ſometime ſtood and wondred at the Owles
How they ſhould prove *Minerva's* Fowles:
But ſince have learnt that learning's blind as Love
Till both be tutour'd from above.

Oh what a Dungeon is the mind of man,
Let *Pallas* paint it what ſhe can!
Some would not be ſuch fools, but that they're wiſe,
And might ſee better but for eyes.

Lord, ſhall I Love to know, and not know thee,
In whom all Wiſdoms treaſures bee?
Great Magazine! whoſe wiſdom's infinite,
Give me that Panoplie of light.

An *Epictetus* or an *Antonine*
I'th' dark may make a ſhift to ſhine;
But being by thy Sun-light underſtood,
Alas, my God, prove putrid wood.

Shall ventrous Students ev'ry Toads-head look
For Pearls of knowledge? And thy book,
Thy works lye by unlov'd, unlook'd into?
Thy pupills, th' Angels don't ſo do:
But help their ſight
By Goſpel-light.

Or do I Love for likeneſs? Ah, my dear,
Whoſe Image was't I firſt did bear?
Whilſt yet I ſtood in Primitive perfection,
Lord, what was I, but thy reflexion?

So like thee that thy ſelf thou couldſt not Love
But Love me too: Nor could I move
Thy Love from me, till I thy likeneſs loſt,
Thine Image bee'ng ſin-ſlur'd and croſt.

But

But now I'm hateſull grown and hating too,
Alas, my God, what ſhall I do,
To Love thee and to be belov'd of thee?
My Lord, thy Love preventeth mee.

For ſince the ground of liking likeneſs is,
Rather then my poor Love thou'dſt miſs;
Since curſed ſin made man unlike his maker,
God of mans likeneſs was partaker.

When ſin, to mans undoing, had undone
Gods Image; God next ſent his Son
In likeneſs of poor ſinfull fleſh, thereby
Condemning ſin i'th' fleſh to dye:

My God was hungry, thirſty, naked, poor;
In fears, in tears, in ſweat, in gore;
Was tempted, was betray'd, forſaken, ſold,
Was captivated, kept in hold,

Was judg'd, condemn'd, was kill'd, was buri'd then
That he and I might riſe agen
In one Divine and ſweet ſimilitude,
And love in likeneſs be renew'd.
And can I yet
Thy Love forget?

Or do I Love for conſanguinity?
For nearneſs and relation? why
For me Chriſt took, and ſhed that *Blood* of his;
And do I aſk how *near* he is?

My Lord is much more mine, then I mine own
My Lord was mine, when I was none:
My Lord, when I was loſt and gone aſtray,
Was both my Shepheard and my way.

Surely

Surely my Lord and I am near akin,
E're ſince my Saviour was made *Sin*
For me, and I made *Righteouſneſs* in him.
He is my head and I a limb:

He is the Vine, and I the branch: the root,
Whereof I am a ſlip or ſhoot:
Of my ſalvation he the captain is,
And I am a reprize of his.

He is my Father, I his ſeed: nay he,
In travaile of his ſoul, bare me:
My brother too, born for adverſity;
The *Joſeph* of the family.

He is my Maker, yet mine huſband too;
This Potter me his clay did wooe:
And rather then he'd miſs the match did make
Him a *clay-body* for my ſake.

Ev'n all men Love *their own*, and ſhall I not?
Help Lord, and I will knit the knot.
In full acceptance of thy free donation,
Claſp hearts and hands in ſweet relation
Lord, thou art mine,
Make me more thine!

Or do I Love for ſuitable ſupplies
To all my wants? ſure I want eyes
Or I could not want Love, my Lord, to thee,
In whom all bleſſings treaſur'd bee.

O that my drop into a Sea could ſwell
Of Love to him, in whom doth dwell
All fullneſs, as in bank or houſe of ſtore,
Ev'n Grace and Bliſs for evermore.

Thine

Thine bee'ng once asked if they would away,
O *whither shall we go?* said they
The words of life eternall, Lord, thou hast,
And that's a stock can never wast.

Goodness is all contracted in thy face
As Sun beams in a burning glass;
Oh that I lay in some directer line
That I might burn whilst thou dost shine.

Am I a sinner? thou'rt a propitiation:
I h've wrought confusion, thou salvation.
I h've purchas'd death both for my self and thee;
But thou to life hast ransom'd mee.

As God, thou *seest*; as man, thou *feel'st* my grief;
As *both*, thou'rt suitable relief;
My Creditour, and yet my Surety too;
Paying and *pard'ning* what I owe.

Creatures are Cisterns, leaking vessels, they
Cannot supply themselves one day,
And me much less. My springs are all above
My light, my life; Why not my Love?
Oh 'tis thy right:
Accept my mite.

Or is it Love that sharpens Love again?
My Saviour, every grinding pain
Of thine on Earth, and present Intercession
Pleads for a Love beyond expression.

'Tis Love I live upon. And do I yet
Suspect thy Love! or question it?
Lord, if my Living be n't full proof, thy dying
Gives evidence beyond denying.

Herein is Love without dissimulation,
Thy Love thou provest by thy *Passion*,
Whose every wound with open mouth cries out
We are Loves Vouchers, if you doubt.

When Heav'nly Hoasts first saw thee breath, if then
They run and preach good will tow'rds men,
If thus they comment on thine Infant-breath,
My God! what thought they of thy death!

Oh! how he Lov'd him? if who saw thee shed
Tears for thy friend *Laz'rus* bee'ng dead,
Cryed out; What might they've said that saw thee
Bleeding for me, thine enemy.

And dare I? can I yet renew that grief?
Doubting thy Love, through unbelief.
If I but say I Love, how doth it grieve me
If yet my Friend will not believe me.

And dare I yet suspect the God of Love
Who sayes, who swears, who dies to prove
He Loves me? Shall I fail in proof of mine
And then, tō make amends, doubt thine!
Doubling thereby
Each injury?

I find, I feel, I see, and can't I say,
He Loves me? doubts out of my way.
Doubtings by demonstrations overcome
Sure then if ever may be dumb.

Or if I needs must doubt and jealous bee,
Lord Ile suspect my self, not thee.
My soul! lov'st thou thy Lord? say yea or nay,
My God I'm gravell'd what to say.

Ye

Yet will I hold mine heart to th' Scrutiny
Till it affirm or elſe deny.
Deny? my God! I dare not, nay I cannot,
And yet, methinks, affirm I may not.

O that I could. This onely can I ſay
Dear Lord, that I cannot ſay nay.
Thoughts in again! (Loves no ſuch neutral thing)
You muſt a certain Verdict bring.

Only be ſure, for 'tis your own behoof,
Your Verdict ſtands on certain proof.
Alas my thoughts can never ſolve this doubt
Unleſs thy Love Lord help me out.

My God what crouds of witneſſes ſeem ſtrive
To be depos'd o'th' Negative?
My ſeldome thoughts of thee, my cold devotions,
Heartleſs profeſſion, liſeleſs motions;

My wanton Daliance with the world and ſin:
My want of kindneſs to thy kin;
My little longing when thou'rt out of ſight
Or lab'ring to regain the light,
I ſigh to ſay
How theſe plead *Nay*.

Theſe? ah my God! and many more than theſe;
My little little care, to pleaſe;
Or fear, of grieving thee, my want of leiſure,
For thee; and in thee, want of pleaſure.

My numbe Lethargick zeal when men deſame
Thy Saints, thy worſhip, wayes, or name,
How ſay I that I Love thee, when mine heart
So poorly playes the Lovers part?

My Love commands mine eye, mine hand, my purſe;
Can I Love thee, yet ſerve thee worſe?
Or muſt my friend of all friends be deny'd
What I yield all I Love beſide?

Alas! my Lord! ſuch proof had almoſt got
A Verdict paſt I Love thee not;
But that one witneſs came and croſt the reſt
Stifling that Verdict in my breaſt.

Yet t'was not much that witneſs had to ſay,
But ſorely weeping cry'd I pray
If't be as you pretend that there's no fire,
Whence is this *ſmoaking flax* deſire?

My Jeſus! thou'rt my Judge, the Judge of all,
To whom my Love muſt ſtand or fall:
Thou that knowſt all things knowſt that I abhor
My ſelf for Loving thee no more.

My Dear! I h've ſometime long'd and do I not
Long yet that thou wouldſt looſe one knot
To tye another? what's this life to me,
If I muſt ſtill be ſtrange to thee?
{ To Love is life,
{ Elſe life's but ſtrife.

Oh that I were a Graduat in that Colledge
Where Love is known that paſſeth knowledge;
Where ſmiling Saints do comprehend and dwell
In Love incomprehenſible.

Where perfect Love caſts out tormenting fear;
Nor *theirs*, nor *thine*, is doubted there;
Where full-eyed Love may ſee to interline
Thy text with ſome ſhort Notes of mine.

But

But whilſt I'm low as earth, ſhort as a ſpan,
Fleet as a ſhade, narrow as man,
The height, length, depth, and breadth, of Love to (meaſure
I have nor ſkill, my God, nor leiſure.

Love that's as High as Heav'n, for thence it came,
And thither with it bound I am.
Love that's as long as length; eternity
Muſt ſay how long, for ſo can't I.

Love that's as deep as Hell, for thence it took
Me; and the day's down in my book.
Love that's as broad as ſin that ſpreads all over;
Yet, Lord! thy Love my ſin doth cover.

The Aſtronomer what Houſes ſtars do keep
Can tell, the diver gage the deep;
But I, poor Chriſts-Croſs Schollar, cannot ſpell
LOVE, though a monaſyllable.

Lord I could be content mine earth might turn
To aſhes, ſo my ſoul might burn,
And all my powers become one Holocauſt *
Reaching thy Love and life at laſt;
Lord, ſtir this fire!
And raiſe it higher.

* A Whole Burnt offering

Here's a poor broken heart, a Sacrifice
Which yet thou'ſt ſaid thou'lt not deſpiſe,
I bind it on thine Altar in deſire
Heav'ns favour ſet it all on fire!

Lord ſhall I ever be a Queſtioniſt?
Help me commence in Love to Chriſt;
Or ſtill incept'ring? paſs a grace mine he
May once be maſter of this art.

But as I ſaid, methought, I heard one ſay,
Away bold Freſhman you muſt ſtay
Your time; there's many 'n act e're this degree,
And here there muſt no hudlings bee.

Lord if it muſt be ſo, my now Condition
I tender to thine own Tuition
Till I have better arguments to prove
I'm more proficient in thy Love.

Charge thy ſelf with me. Me and all that's mine
Subject I to thy Diſcipline,
Lord, I will have no mind diſtinct from thee
Who giveſt all that's thine to mee.

If others aſk me, can you walk abroad?
I'le anſwer, Go and aſk my God.
Where thou ſaiſt go, though fleſh and blood ſay
I'le creep if I can't run that way.

Or if I, as I fear, I ſhall, tranſgreſs
This law of Love I now expreſs;
I'le humbly ſtrip my ſelf next ſerious thought
Till thou haſt whipt me for my fau't;
Then kiſs thy rod;
And cry, my God!

Then if thou ſmile thy favour Lord ſhall be
Like rain upon mown graſs to me.
warm Sun-beams that ſucceed ſome ſhower,
Till joyes poor Bud's a full-blown flower;

watch leſt ſome *Old Adam* ſeed,
joyes fair flower, put forth ſome weed.
en't firſt peeps, thy weeding knife I'le bor-
the ground harden by to morrow,
I'le

I'le mark thine eye; a better brighter Star,
Than that that guides the Mariner.
My dull remisnes, Lord, thine eye, shall whet
To more observance, when sharp set.

Thy quick and hasty look shall quicken mee:
I'le away to my Book, or Knee.
I'le chide my busie play-fellows; Away,
My master frowns; I dare not play.

Lord, I'le see by thine eyes; thine ev'ry beck
Shall be my Bridle, curb, and check.
The *Watch* thou giv'st me, I'le keep for thy sake:
And wind it up when e're I wake.

The *Book* thou gav'st me, that blood guilded Book,
I'le ever, ever in it look
Till I find thee there, and my self, thy beauty,
And learn to know and do my duty.

Then shewing to others, See the token Love
I'le say hath sent me from above:
Keeping the cleaner hands that I may not
Discolour it with any spot;
Unless a tear
Drop here or there.

The task thou setst me Lord I'le not complain:
Thy work shall be my wage and gain;
Clean as I can I'le do't, if sullied then
My tears shall wash it o're agen.

Thy strict commands and Love-lin'd yoak
A neck-chain of pure gold to me.
Thine hardest sayings when my stomacks
Love shall digest, and make them

Thine is no *Labans*-ſervice, if it were,
Let *Love* two Prentiſſhips might bear:
But to be bound, or held in durance by
Thy *Royall Law*, is liberty.

Mine heart ſhall be leſs *looſe*, and yet more *large*
Be'ng ſtretcht out unto all thy charge;
And where my life falls ſhort of either table
Love ſhall *fullfill*; for Love is able.

If thou wilt come, and take an Inventory
Of all thats mine; I'le not be ſorry:
If thou wilt ſearch and ranſack all I have
I'le help thee, or thine help Ile crave.

If ought I have diſpleaſe, or if I doubt,
I will, for ſureneſs throw it out.
If I can pleaſure thee with ought that's mine;
I'le quit my Title, Lord 'tis thine.

If mine heart fit thy walking thou ſhalt have it,
If not, yet Love ſhall mend and pave it
With ſuch clear ſolid ſtone ev'n all within
As yet can weep for ev'ry ſin,
Waſhing thy feet
When men don't ſee't.

Mine heart be'ng thus poſſeſt, when ſtrangers come
I'le ſay thou'ſt taken up my room;
Then if thou aſk whoſe purſe or parts are theſe,
I'le anſwer, thine Lord if thou pleaſe.

If on mine Hour-Glaſs thou then lay thine hand,
And aſk whoſe is this running ſand,
Anſwer, Lord, the little's left is thine:
What's run out is no more mine.

Or

Or if thou ask me, who are those at th' door?
Smiling on them; I'le say, my poor,
I'le *draw my soul out* when thy *Lazar* knocks,
My *Cupboard* shall be th' poor mans box.

If others come, like those poor *Greeks*, to mee
With a Sir, we would Jesus see,
I'le gladly tell them where my Lord doth Sup,
Do'ng all I can to help them up.

If others curse thee *Shimei* like; if they
Cast dust, Ile blow the dust away
With sighs and groans; if they thine honour stain
I'le weep and wash it clean again.

Or else I'le chide or fight if thou shalt bid
(But first of all with Traytours hid
At home) I'le fear no colours whilst above
Thy Banner over me is Love.

Who sues to be a favourite of mine
I'le ask him first if he be thine,
If not, I'le pray him to be reconcil'd
To thee, that so my Love to th' Child
May all be found
Thine at the bound.

Or when thy tender Lillie bleeds, my God
Torn with those cruel thorns abroad
Or rent with Schismes at home and heart-division
I'le what I can play the Physician.

I'le plead with thee with them; if things grow worse
I'le bleed my self to turn the course:
When I thy Peoples Hearts divided see
Surely mine Heart shall broken bee.

Thy

Thy Love hath lent me all the balm thats thine,
Why should not then thy sores be mine;
My God they shall; but chiefly when my Passion
Or lust provokes thine indignation.

Ile be reveng'd on one, my self I mean,
And grieve till thou art pleas'd agen.
Passions shall live like *Gibeonites*, their Law
To hew thy wood and water draw.

So all I have shall serve thee till I know
My Love hath life, and find it grow.
Lord I'le account of all as it conduces
To help Loves growth, and serve its uses.

If in the Sunshine of a prosp'rous state
My fire can't burn so clear for that.
Ile rather choose some courteous clouds return
Then see Loves holy fire not burn.

Or if I fail of ought I here profess,
And thy rod can't my fault redress
Rather, then live thy grief, I'le yield to dye
So Love inflict the penalty,
That paid my score
By death before.

If Love yet let me live a growing debtor
I'le study hard but I'le live better:
Live I mean Love; that's the Commandments end,
And that's the life that I intend.

Though Love wax cold abroad, and sin abound,
Hard Frost o're-spreading all the ground:
Shall th' heat of Kitchin fire be more increast,
And not thy flames within my breast?

Lord

Lord, what's a Silver Tongue if't cannot talk,
A Golden Leg if't cannot walk;
Faith that can Mountains move when 'tis desired,
Or *Martyrdome*, if Love be n't fired?

What if I give my goods, and all my store,
But not in *Love* to feed thy poore?
But if in Love a cup of water cold,
Though the drink's mean, the *Cup* is Gold.

Love tunes my Pray'rs, makes Praises musicall;
Which else at best but howl or ball.
Love makes two *Mites* to God as acceptable
As if to bring two worlds 'twere able.

True Love's true beauty, beauties else but paint
No more am I if Love I want.
Lord help me *put on Love* to keep me warm:
To dwell in Love secure from harm.

To *walk in Love*, till Love i'th' stream do lead
To Love that is the Fountain head,
Or th' Ocean which if I can't comprehend
I'le plunge into: that in the end
Lost I may bee,
If *lost*, in thee.

Yet when I think what pent and narrow room,
I'th' Virgins Womb,
The God of Love lodg'd in, methinks mine heart
May hold its part.
Into mine heart O shed thy Love abroad,
My God! my God.
Both being Spirit, what can better suit,
Then th' *Spirits fruit*?
Drink

Drink thirsty vessel, till thou fill or break!
but never leak.
The broken Heart, and truly contrite Breast
Holds Love the best,
And the best Love; a Love more worth then wine;
Lord I mean thine:
Then as the purpose of thy Grace and Love
None can remove,
Let me so love thee as to part and sever,
Lord, never, never.
Ungirt, unblest, we say; my God *Love is*
The bond of Bliss
And *perfectness*; a grace, whose Bond-men be
The onely free.
Works with[out] *Faith* can never, Lord, please thee
Nor profit mee.
Faith wit[hout] *love*, can't operate or move
But *works by Love*.
Love is a Grace that stands her ground in Glory,
That upper story.
Love, when *Tongues*, propheſies, and knowledge fail,
Ent'ring the Vail,
Possesseth as Supream and *highest* Grace
The *Holiest place*.
When Faith and Hope do thither wait upon her,
As Maids of Honour,
Sole Love is lest as *Queen* of all the Graces
In Gods Embraces.
Mean while, Lord, to be *sick of Love* to thee
Is *health* to mee:
They that have not this *sickness* have a worse,
Thy *Plague* and curse.

If any man Love *not the* Lord *Jesus Christ, let him be* Anathema Maran-atha, 1 Cor. 16. 22.

PRAYER.

PRAYER.

NExt th' Trinity of *Perſons* and of *Graces*
Mans three main *Duties* Muſe and Method (places.
Who views my God and Grace in all their Beauty
Can't (I ſhould think) but take delight in Duty.

But who believes, Hopes, Loves (I'm ſure of that)
Will Love to Pray, to Hear, to Meditate.

Pray'r's the firſt *breath* put forth in *crying* then
When, through ſad *pangs*, poor ſouls are *born agen.*

Heav'n well commends Faiths *midwifery*, and ſayes,
The Child's no *ſtill-born*, for behold he prayes.

Pray'r is the *rapper* at Heav'ns door, *Faith* knocks,
Who's there ſaith *Love* within doors, and *unlocks.*

Pray'r is the *key*; what e're i'th' lock retards,
Pray'r, *oyld* with *mourning*, gently ſlips the *wards*,

And moves the *Spring*, Gods heart; doth *Ephraim*
The *bolt* gives back, Jehovah's bowels *turn.* (mourn?

Pray'r is an *Arrow* from a *well-bent* heart;
Watch the *Returns*, and ſee what 't will impart

Of Heav'ns *Intelligence*; i'th' *floods* decreaſe

This

This *mournfull Dove* brings th' *Olive branch* of peace.

Pray'r is the sacred *Bellows*; when these blow,
How musically doth faiths *Organ* goe;

Thus Pray'r proves Faith an *Instrument*, and Love
Answers to this *wind-musick* from above,

In sweet consort, with ravishing consent,
Upon that *Lute* (that dear-string'd Instrument)

Whose strings are *Bowels* of that *Lamb once slain*,
Who makes the Musick, bee'ng *Alive again*.

Pray'r is the sacred *Bellows*, when these blow,
How doth that *Live-cole* from Gods *Altar* glow!

By Prayer *Love* burns to *zeal*; and hot desire
Baptizeth the souls fewel all with *fire*.

Pray'r breath's the *gale*, whilest Faith doth *navigate*
I'th' brittle *bark* of mans frail mortal state:

Good Hope's the *Cape*: fair *Haven*, and fair *wind!*
Whilest Faith, in pray'r, steers the *low ballast* mind.

Pray'r is Faiths *Limbeck*, there the Promise lies
And thence *distills*; mock not Pray'rs *watry eyes*.

On th' *knees* of Pray'r Faith brings forth *Promises*,
As *Bilha* sometimes bare on *Rachels* knees.

Pray'r is Faiths *Bucket*, (Pray'r doth upward move,
Drawing its *waters* from those *wells above*)

Chain'd to that *Bucket* of the *Blessing*, so

That

That that *comes down*, as this doth *upward go*.

Pray'r is Faiths *Pump*, where't works till th' water (come
If't come not free at firſt, Faith *puts in ſome*;

Some truly penitential *tears*; and then
Pumping the *Promiſe*, payes it ſelf agen.

Pray'r is the Chriſtians *Pulſe*: Pray'r inſtantly
The *Temper* or *Diſtemper* will deſcry.

Some *read*, ſome *ſing*, and ſome their *pray'rs* can *ſay*,
He's an *Elias* that his pray'rs can pray.

Pray'r lifting up its *holy hands* can dart
To He'ven that hand-granado of the Heart,

Of the *whole Heart*, which kindled with *deſire*
In *fervent* motion *breaks*, ſets Love *on fire*:

Compaſſions *burn*; He'ven ſuff'ring violence,
Grows to *ſurrender* unto man, propenſe.

Pray'r's a chief piece of Faiths *Artillery*:
Take a *right ground*, mount *Pray'r*, aym *right*, let *fly*.

Doth Heav'n hold out? let Heaven hear from Faith
What force Pray'r *home-charg'd* with a Promiſe hath.

Doth Hell aſſault? let *fervour* fire this Gun,
And the *report* ſhall make bold Legion run.

Pray'rs Rhetorick *commands*, when't *begs*, and ſo
Makes moſt *victorious* whom it brings moſt *low*.

Pray'r *lifteth up the Eyes*, *Hands*, *Heart* we ſee;

When

When Pray'r most humbly doth *bow down* the knee.

Pray'r makes Man *Prince with God*; doth *Jacob*
Saith King of *Glory*, Rise up *Israel*! (*kneel*,

Pray'r, in the *silent Hannah*, loudly *speaks*;
Pray'r both *Manasse's heart* and *prison* breaks.

Elijahs Pray'r doth *pierce* the *brassie* skies;
And makes the *Tears* to stand in *Heavens eyes*.

'Tis not an *armed Amalek* can stand
When Pray'r lifts up a *Moses's naked Hand*.

As *Thunder-struck* Philistines once did fall,
Down tumbles *Rain*, and th' *Enemy* withall,

At th' Lightning Legions pray. Oh who can war,
Where *private Souldiers* such *Commanders* are?

Pray'r bee'ng aboard the great Leviathan,
In whose close Cook-room *Jonah's* shipt poor man!

Makes *Land*, runs th' *Hull* on shore, and open breaks
The Pris'ners way, by *blowing-up* the Decks.

Pray'r undertakes to discipline the *SUN*:
To teach that *Giant* Postures when to Run,

When to *Retreat*, to make a Halt, to stand:
At praying *Joshua's word of Command*.

This Rowling Eye, in Heavens brow stands still;
Wondring to see Faiths Pray'r thus work its will.

Fifteen Degrees, when *Hezekiah* pray'd,

His

His *Life*, and ten the *Sun* run retrograde?

Thus *Pray'r* prevails in *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Seas*;
Add but its conquest over *Hell* to these?

How th' *Ayre* of Pray'r *chookes* the serpentine brood
Of that old crooked *Dragon* in the *flood*:

Sin, Satans *spawn*, and how the intestine *Thorne*,
Is by true Prayr's *compunction* out-worne:

How th' *Messenger* of *Satan*'s buffeted,
Who came to *buffet*; how the Serpents *Head*,

Under the *knees* of Pray'r is *squeez'd* at last;
And *Beel-zebub* is himself *out-cast*

By the rare force of Pray'r, that grows more strong
By Fasting, and more *fresh* by watching long.

The summe of all is Pray'rs stupendious Art,
To bind *Gods hands*, and keep in hold his *Heart*.

Pray'r importuning this *Sampson* hath found,
Himself revealing; how he may be bound;

Ev'n God be *bound*, who's infinitely *free*,
Yet faith to Faith and Pray'r Command ye mee.

The Prayer-hearing God the *Father* is;
The Pray'r-perfuming God that *Son* of His,

(With flagrant, fragrant Incense of His Merit)
The Pray'r inditing God is God the *Spirit*.

Pray'rs Tears are washt in Gods Blood, & its mean

Are eyr'd with Gods unutterable groans;

Thus Pray'r prevails with God: yet Praises shall
Not *Pray'r*, but th' God of Pray'r, victorious call,
Who's *All in All*.

Pray always ye with all Prayer, *and watch thereunto with all perseverence*, Eph. 6. 18.

HEARING.

FRom Pray'r to Hearing I proceed,
For that prepares for this indeed;
But who from *Hearing* turns his ear away
The Lord *abominates to hear him pray*.

Heark? 'tis Gods *voice*; can man forbear
To hear Him *speak* that made the *Ear*?
Why should the *Head of hearing Ears* make show
Since such *Deaf Ears* upon Mans *Heart* do grow?

Heav'n did to poor Mans misery
Give *ear* before he gave the *Cry*.
Methinks a Saviours words should all sound loud,
Acted with the *Accents* of his Blood.

What vile *Dishonesty* appears
By Mans disgracefull *loss of Ears*?
And yet let *Syrens sing*, and Satan *knock*;
Mans Heart can *hear* too light, too soon *unlock*;

No

No *Cords* can *hold*, or *Lusts* be *bound*,
Till *All* is *over-board* and *drown'd*:
When th' Serpent *charms* this *Adder* hears, but when
Heav'n *charms* more wisely, th' Ears are *charm'd* a-
(gen.

Most what I see a monstrous sight
Most have *two Ears*, yet neither's *Right*,
God gave them *two*, yet they'l by no means lend
So much as *one* to such a bounteous Friend.

Sure such a Friend would soon *repay*,
By *giving ear* to what they pray.
God ever takes up Ears on *Interest*,
And doth his greatest *Creditors* pay best.

They teach their very *Ears* to pray
Who *listen* well what God shall say.
The *uncircumcis'd in Ear* bid God deny,
Refusing Him that speaketh, when they *cry*.

The *Deaf Ear'd-Idol* is abhord,
And *Men* like Idols, of the Lord:
Who *deafness* plagues with *deafness*, and doth turn
His *Ear* from *Dives* whilest his *Tongue* doth burn.

Lord therefore to *Deaf Hearers* give
To *live to hear*, to *hear and live*.
Yea into th' *Harvest* send forth *Labourers*
To fill thy *floor* by gathering in of *Ears*.

Thou sow'st thy *Word* as *Seed*, and then,
'Tis fit thou reap the *Ears* of *Men*,
As *Mary weeping* heard till *showrs* of tears,
Full ripe for thine own *reaping* made her *Ears*.

What Harpes shall in thy *Garners* bee

When

When *Ears* are *Circumcis'd* by Thee ;
Fair *Sion* ſhall be like an *heap of Wheat*
That *round about with* Lillies *is beſet*.

When *Malchus* loſt an Ear, thy *touch*
(A Saviours ſkill and vertue's ſuch)
Repair'd that Loſs : Lord, 'tis but *Aſk* and *Have* ;
Thou canſt find *Ears* in *Lazarus* his *Grave*.

Thou *Davids Heir* of *Davids Keys*
Canſt *ſhut* and *open* as thou pleaſe,
Thy ſtill voice loud *winds*, and proud *waves* obey ;
Unto thy Word, let not *Mens Eares* ſay *Nay*.

Thou didſt a *Priſ'ner* once impow'r
(*Judge Felix* bee'ng *Auditour*)
To give the *Charge* that took the Judge by th' *Ear*,
More *Bonds* did then on th' *Bench* then *Barr* appear.

When Heav'ns great Guns from *tire* to *tire*,
According to thy Word *give fire*
Kadeſh doth tremble ; *Hindes* do *Calve* for fear ;
The *howling* Deſarts, and *deaf* Rocks give ear.

And is Mans *Heart* more *wild* ? more *hard* ?
More *full of noiſes* ? ſtronger *barr'd* ?
Yet is the Ear the *key-hole* : Lord put in
Thy *finger*, then the gentleſt word will win.

All *turns* and moves : One *Eph-phatha*
Removes obſtructions out of th' way ;
Then th' Ear ſhall welcome every *ſecond word*
With a *Come in thou bleſſed of the Lord* !

The Scriptures ſpeak of th' *Learned* Ear ;
Sure then thy *tongue* muſt *teach* to hear,

Morning

Morning by morning let thy *Musick* make
The *heavy Ears* of Mans dull mind to *wake*.

If *Sons of God*, fair *Angels*, ſtand
Waiting the *Son of Gods* Command,
(Which when it comes, who ſees theſe Holy things,
Might ſee their *Ears* converted into *wings*.)

If the *Deaf Devil* lends an *Ear*
Not led by Love but forc'd by Fear,
And if the *Sword*, *Plague*, *Famine* onely know
By hearkning to his Word they *Come* and *Go*:

In vain doth poor Man ſtop his Ear
And ſay in's Heart Hee'l never hear;
Harveſts bring *Ears*; and ſuch is the *Worlds end*:
Graves muſt find *Hearers* then; The *dead* attend.

Then Happy He that ſooner heard,
Hearing before *for afterward*;
God had his *Eares* on Earth, and doubtleſs He
Shall with *full ſheaves* repaid in Heaven be.

If *Sol'mons Servants* were ſo bleſt
That *conn'd* their *Leſſon* from his *breaſt*,
How Happy 're thoſe *Diſciples* then whoſe *Ears*
Are tun'd to the *true Muſick* of the *Sphears*?

Where the *Firſt Mover* is *Free Grace*,
Free Purpoſe moves i'th' ſecond place;
Third *Orbe*'s the *Word of Grace*, in which do ſhine
As many *Stars* as *Promiſes* Divine.

Theſe Leſſons ſo Divine, ſo good
(The *Orbes* bee'ng *Oyl'd* in *Saviours blood*)
Do ſo divinely correſpond, that ſo

Needs must the *Hearer* the *Diviner* grow.

Then comes that holy *Turtle Dove*,
Gently descending from above;
And stealing through the *Earth hole* into th' heart,
Doth Heav'ns *Intelligence* on Earth impart.

This is a *joyfull sound* indeed,
What *Halcyon* dayes shall hence succeed,
Whilest *Thunders* terror makes Deaf Rebels quail,
Christs voice to his Disciples is *All hail!*

If God that rules all otherwhere
Love so to move the *Orb of th' Ear*,
Sure then the *Blessed* of the Lord are they
That *Hearing* hearken, *Hearkening* that Obey.

The Humble Hearer may invite
God Guest-wise to a dilht Delight,
A servent *whole broke-heart* serv'd up in *Tears*
The *Bread* bee'ng made o'th' *Contrite hearers Ears.*

Nay God invites Himself to *Sup*
Where such delights are so serv'd up
By a *clean hand*, where th' *ear* and the *heart's* kept hot
God is Mans *Guest*, and Heav'n will pay the *shot.*

(H) A letter His not lay we,
Let *Hearing* then mine *Earing* be:
Thou God of *Israel bore* thy *Servants Ear*,
That I in it this *Jewel* still may *wear.*

Let every one be swift to Hear. *But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers onely, deceiving your own Souls,* Jam. 1, 21, 22.

ME-

MEDITATION.

I Come to sing the last, but not the least,
Be'ng that that *Clenchath* in mans mind and breast
Those *Nails* th' Assemblies masters drive;
Not t' eat but to *Digest*, makes thrive.

Sweet, sacred thing! Cælestial *Contemplation*!
Old *Enochs Trade*, young *Isaac's Recreation*,
That sueniſhest mans thoughtfull breast
With Greatest *Work*, and Sweetest *Rest*.

Israel's *sweet Singer* us'd when first awake,
His *Lark-like* Rise, upon thy *wings*, to take;
With which, he made his *morning flight*;
Of which, his *Feather-bed* at night.

The nimble *Life-guard* of that Royal mind,
Were *Thoughts*, by thee divinely *Disciplin'd*;
*Mar*shall'd in each dayes *front* and *rear*,
Greatness thus guarded knows no fear.

When anxious musings would invade that soul:
When *Cares* would *clog*, or make it stomack-foul,
Thou didst *exonerate*, Thy *skill*
Did still prepare the *Stomack pill*.

Thy *Physick* having wrought; and *hungry health*
Thine *hopefull Patient* re-surpriz'd by stealth,
Then thou that *honey-comb* didst drain;

And break the *Bone*, that did contain

The *Fat*, the *sweet*, which from the *Promise* flowes
(Whereof the sensuall worldling nothing knows)
Thus Meditation first *sets right*
Then *satiates* the Souls Appetite.

Man's fed with *Manna*, void of furlets fear,
Where Meditation's *Cook*, *Digestion's* clear:
Mortals, thus fed with Angels fare,
Converted into *Angels* are.

By *Contemplation* was that *Darling* drest,
When Guest wise Heaven bad him to a *feast*.
John's cloath'd in spirit, when they call
To keep the *Lords Dayes* festival.

In *Contemplations Mount* who dwell, can stretch
Their hand to Heav'n that *starry Crown* to reach:
And dress themselves in that bright *Sun*
Whilest *under foot* they tread the *Moon*.

In *Contemplations* Pisgah they, that have
At once a view of *Canaan*, and their grave,
(In this worlds *Desart* wearied)
Do willingly undress to Bed.

Sweet sacred *Meditation*! may I bee
Wrought, *Recreated*, *Garded* thus by thee:
Physick'd and *fed* by thy *Dispensatory*:
By thee be *drest* with Grace, prepar'd for glory.

I

THen learn O man! to part betwixt
Dead Earth and th' earth wherewith thou'rt (mixt:

Sure *Walls of Clay* may higher rise,
Then what in earths *dead dungeon* lies.

The Soul with Earth's already clad,
Earth upon earth would make more sad.

Shall *wings* make mante *Mountains* fly?
Shall *hands* stitch *Earth* unto the sky?

Then *dung-hill drones* scale *Heaven* may,
And *Muck-worms* creep i'th' *Milkie way*.

To carry *Earth* to *Heav'n* some think:
But must *Earth rise*? or Heaven *sink*?

Nor Earth nor Heaven must be their prize;
But a *fools* (Mah'mets) *Paradise*.

If yet thine Earth to Earth adhere,
Then let the *dead* the *dead* interre:

If thou can't *lift* the inferior part;
Yet, as *Gods Offering*, heave thine *heart*.

Thy *Body's* but thy *Beast*, and sure
All else is but its *furniture*:

Leave

Leave then thy heavy jade below,
Up to the place that God shall show.

Earth's ever moving to Earths Center;
Man's for a more sublime Advent'r:

'Tis pitty Dust in th' *Aire* or *Eye*
Should hinder a *Celestial Spie*,

With lumbering Body leave behind?
The low, th' ignoble, *servile mind*:

Such men I mean as can't out-pass
Old *Abrah'ms Servants*, or his *Ass*.

The *secret seeker* onely knows
What *Secrets* Heaven can disclose.

Gods *Holy of Holies* still shuts out
The *vulgar* and *unholy rout*.

In *secret places* of the Skies
And *clefts of Rocks* lye mine affaires.

Angels will scarce in *crouds* appear.
We say, The *few's the better cheer*.

If *busie Ants* of mole-hill birth
Promiscuously converse on Earth,

Let th' High-born *Bird of Paradise*
Scorning the *Earth*, still scale the *Skies*.

An *Ant-hill* and *Exchange* agree,
Save, Men the *greater Triflers* bee,

This

Thus mortals toyl to live below,
Whilest Man by toyl to Heav'n might go.

What though thou've been *short-winded?* true
Heav'ns hill can *Earths green sickness* cure.

Or what needst dread the *Journeys length,*
Whilest all along thy *way's thy strength?*

II.

BEe'ng thus ascended, *Binde* and *slaughter*
Thy sin, thine *Onely child of laughter.*

In this *Mount God will* soon be *seen*
If some Dear sin don't intervene;

Dear Sin indeed? whilest Angels *fell*
Their *first Estates* for it and Hell.

Dear Sin! whilest for its *husks* men do
Fair Heavens *houshold-bread* forgo.

A *present flash*, and *future stone*,
Is the best Income Sin can name.

'Twas Sin eclyps'd the Angels Crown,
And what *brought* them, will *keep* thee, *down.*

Man, dost not see how *Cherubs* stand
With flaming swords on every hand,

From *rape* of such to guard *Lifes Tree*

No of *dead works* the workers bee?

Ah! *Guilty* soul, dar'ſt *look abroad*,
Or *ungreed* dar'ſt *walk with God*?

To reconcile dar'ſt thou aſpire
Thy *droſs* with that *conſuming fire*?

Sure ſuch *Attonement* ſhall begin,
When *ſin* proves *grace*, or *grace* proves *ſin*.

Since *Earth*'s too *dead*, too *dark*, too *low*;
Sure *Hell* to *Heav'n* ſhall never go.

III.

BEe'ng thus far onward in this *ſteep*,
Wouldſt further *climbe*? then learn to *creep*.

Who try can tell th' *Aſcents* like theſe
Are the beſt ſeal'd on th' *hands* and *knees*.

Angels firſt *roſe*, then *fell*: and ſo
By growing *too high*, became *ſo low*.

But *Chriſt* did raiſe his *Royal Creſt*
By building ſuch a *low'y neſt*;

The *Phariſee* that nothing knows
Of the the *true Temple*, boldly goes

Into its ſhadow there to boaſt
A ſwelling proud fool *without his Hoſt*.

The

The *Publican* doth *smite* upon
His *Heart*, as if 'twere made of *stone*:

Which *stone* despised thought't lay below
Did to a *Temple* sooner grow.

Unto Gods Altar *nakedness*
God suffers to have no access:

Th' indowments of mens minds we call
Their parts, importing therewithall,

No man of parts can *decent* be,
Unless *cloath'd* with *humilitie*.

The *Highest* to the *low* gives grace;
Who *veil* their own shall *see* his face.

In dust and ashes *self abhor'd*
Are the *accepted of the Lord*.

Most *glaring* fair fac'd *Dina's* are
Sooner *undone* for being *fair*:

The *veil'd Rebekah Isaac* takes,
And his dear bosom-consort makes.

How can a *near acquaintance* grow?
Whilest God proud hearts *far off* doth know:

Proud hearts *know not themselves*, and then
Sure Heav'n must needs be out of *ken*.

Whilest the *void Aire* and worthless wind
Brooks no way to be *down confin'd*.

Meditate upon these things, give thy self wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all, 1 Tim. 4. 15.

FINIS.